A MOTOR TOUR THROUGH FRANCE AND ENGLAND

ELIZABETH YARDLEY

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Ruins of Château Gaillard at Les Andeleys

A Motor Tour Through France and England

By

Elizabeth Yardley

A Record of Twenty-one and a Half Days Automobiling

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Preface

This book was originally started as a diary, but at the end of our journey I decided that other motorists might enjoy reading about what we had accomplished in so short a time, and the general public be interested in the variety of the trip and the illustrations, many of which have not been used before. I have not attempted a guidebook in any sense, but it may prove of some value in that capacity.

ELIZABETH YARDLEY.

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PART ONE

A Motor Tour

I

THE ARRIVAL AT CHERBOURG

August 17th. Down a gang-plank set at an angle of about eighty degrees we descended to the tender, and were amused by watching the other people trying to make the descent with dignity and at the same time keep their equilibrium. Quickly we were left behind by the huge liner on which we had spent such a restful few days, the passengers going on to Bremen fluttered their handkerchiefs in farewell, and as they disappeared in the distance I fancied them returning to their comfortable steamer-chairs and enjoying the balmy breeze we had left behind us.

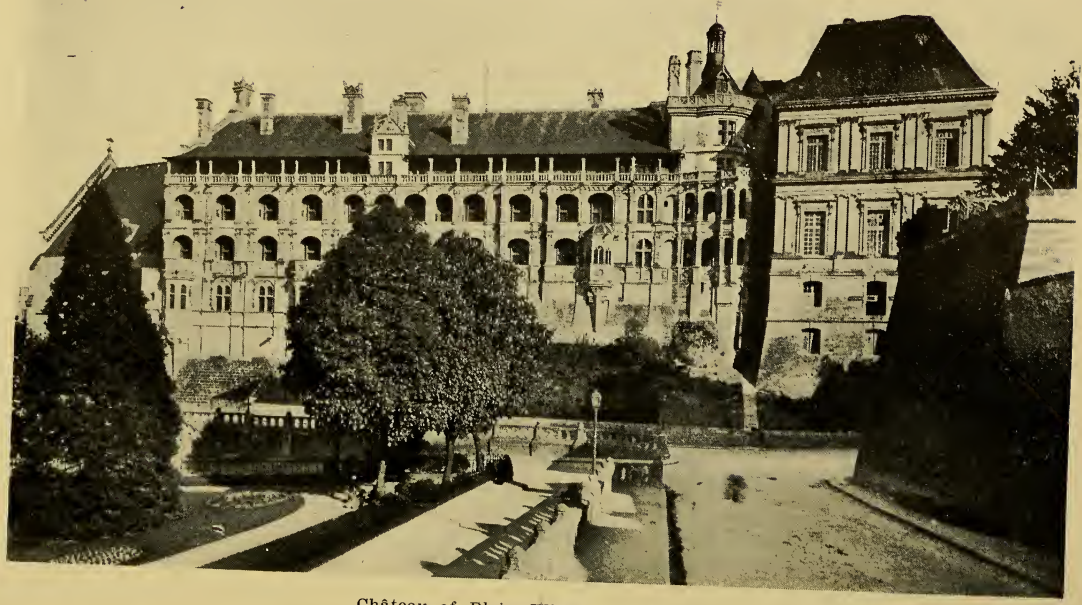
At Cherbourg, which is one of the five military ports of France, travellers seldom linger, though it is the portal to a charming district, preferring to hurry on to other

towns, or Paris. We spent but a few minutes in the Custom-House and were treated most courteously, then walked out on the pier to see the famous breakwater begun by Louis Sixteenth and finished by Napoleon First. The Digue, with its central fort, mounts no less than three hundred and thirty guns and has three lighthouses.

Trains do not start on schedule time in this happy land, but await the pleasure of the guards who finish their chat or smoke before giving the signal, and then one slowly steams away from the harbour and into the lovely Normandy country, part of which we will cover in the automobile.

We dined at the first table, having been fortunate in remembering to secure places from the steward who met us on the tender; other passengers, who had neglected to do so, clamoured for food but were obliged to wait for another dinner to be prepared. The steward passed through the coaches and gave to each of us a rose, a welcome to France and her flowers, for here one sees blossoms everywhere, the meanest dwelling having against its walls either a rose vine or pear tree.

Harbor at Cherbourg



Château of Blois, Wing of Francis I.

After the light faded away, in a gorgeous purple and golden haze, the journey was a bit tedious and the glimmering lights of Asnières were a welcome sight. Paris at last, and the usual hurry and bustle to secure a conveyance. Getting into one of the crazy little cabs we rumbled out of the station into one of the broader thoroughfares, the coachman cracked his whip and we took our place in the stream of moving vehicles, the swiftly rushing automobiles with their blazing eyes and the bicycles with their illuminated balloons; past the brilliantly lighted wine-shops and cafés with their little round tables on the sidewalks surrounded by happy sons and daughters of France, on we went to our hotel opposite the gardens of the Tuileries.

II

PARIS TO BLOIS

August 18th. Our start was made, in a windy rain storm, up the Champs Elysees, the Arc de Triomphe looming black against a leaden sky, through the Bois to Versailles. On arriving at our destination the rain ceased, giving us an opportunity to revisit the bath of the Bosquet de la Collonade, the memory of its beauty making one desirous to return to it again and again.

At the Palace we confined our time to the Galleries containing our favourite portraits by Lebrun and Nattier. The last portrait that Vigée Lebrun painted of Queen Marie Antoinette hangs at Versailles and is known as "Marie Antoinette and her Children." It is the one of the doomed Queen in which she is seated beside a cradle, the Duke of Normandy on her knee, the little Madame Royale at her side, and the Dauphin pointing into the cradle. When the doors of the Salon of 1783 were thrown open the paint-

ing was not quite finished and for some days the frame reserved for it remained empty. It was on the eve of what was to become the Revolution and the country was speaking in no hushed whispers of the public deficit in the nation's treasury and gazing bewildered at the bankruptcy that threatened the land. The empty frame drew forth the bitter jest "Voila le deficit." Gazing at the Queen portrayed in all her glorious beauty one dreads to think of that lovely head bowed beneath the knife of the guillotine, and of the cruelties endured by her and her dear ones.

The Nattier portraits of the daughters of Louis Fifteenth are all very beautiful and the one of Madame Pompadour exquisite.

At the Hôtel des Reservoirs, the old mansion once occupied by that famous courtesan, Madame Pompadour, we had a cup of chocolate, and could, in fancy, see the rooms crowded with the white-wigged, silken-clad belles and beaux who flocked about her, hoping thereby to gain the favour of the King.

A peep down the bosky walks of Versailles which are redolent with memories of

Louis Fourteenth, La Vallière, Madame Montespan and Madame Maintenon, Louis Fifteenth, Madame Pompadour and la Du Barry, Louis Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, then on we sped to Dourdan along a straight road stretched like a grey ribbon for miles before us, with tall trees each side of it, swayed by the wind like reeds. Many broken branches were in the road and we were in constant fear lest one should be blown against the car.

At the Hôtel de Lyon we ordered breakfast, and, while waiting for it to be prepared, went just across the way to the ivy-clad ruins of the Castle of Philip Augustus which consists of a massive circular donjon, girdled by a wall flanked by nine smaller towers surrounded by a formidable moat, where now are growing peaceful apple trees. The building of the adjoining church was commenced during the twelfth century and not finished till the eighteenth. Beside containing a wealth of stained glass windows, through which the sunlight fell making a thousand rainbows, there are beautiful columns, a lofty ceiling, splendid arches and a magnificent organ. Who would have ex-

pected to find such beauty in so small a town? Returning to the Inn we had our déjeuner beneath the shade of the trees in the flower-embowered courtyard, and fed the puppies who crowded around us begging.

The afternoon was a shining one, the heavy clouds having been chased away by the still furious wind. Soon we reached Orléans, where, in the square stands the equestrienne statue of Jeanne d'Arc. This year the Maid of Orleans was canonized and now her image is the one most prominently displayed in all the shops where the figures of saints are sold.

The Cathedral of Saint Croix, though imposing, dates from the decadence of Gothic architecture. It was destroyed by the Huguenots and practically rebuilt by Louis Fifteenth. The florid façade attains a certain amount of dignity in spite of its bastard style, being flanked by two towers, two hundred and eighty-five feet high, between which are three portals surmounted by rose windows and an open gallery. The interior has double aisles and is one hundred feet high. In the right aisle stands a new marble statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

The Hôtel de Ville contains the statues of Jeanne designed by Princess Marie d'Orléans; and there, also, in 1560, Francis Second died in the arms of the young and beautiful Marie Stuart. On the Rue du Tabour, number 37, is where the Maid of Orléans lodged, and, number 15, the so-called house of Agnes Sorel, which is now the museum of the Maid.

Our desire to linger among these surroundings was overbalanced by our anxiety to reach Chambord and also to have time to visit Notre Dame at Cléry, the handsome fifteenth-century church in which Louis Eleventh lies buried.

Beside his tomb, is a flagstone which covers the heart of Charles Eighth. The chapels contain charming sculptures, and the one of Dunois-Longueville holds the remains of this famous ally of Jeanne d'Arc. In the Choir is the massive wooden statue of Notre Dame of Cléry, the very one before which that crafty old Louis used to make his vows to her whom he considered his protectress; there is also some fine old glass, and the sculptured stalls are well worth seeing.

Opposite Cléry is Meung-sur-Loire, for-

ever associated with Dumas' novel of the "Three Musketeers," D'Artagnan's introduction into the story and as the prison of that vagabond poet, François Villon.

Beaugency too, with its Tour de César looming high above the town, we could see across the river and a few kilometers farther on was Mer, whose fifteenth-century tower forms a beacon for many miles around, then Menars where La Pompadour had a château used as a rendezvous for the chase. The house has changed hands many times but the same gardens and terraces still descend towards the shimmering river.

Entering the Sologne we found a legion of lakelets amid a sandy plain, but not the desert we had expected, in fact, the landscape has been made to blossom as the rose.

In the heart of the Sologne lies Chambord, and how beautiful it was in the rosy sunset, its towers, turrets and magnificent lantern reflected in the tiny river Cosson in whose limpid waters it bathes its feet. Luckily, there are no regular hours of closing this château and we were allowed to enter, after the guardian had first shown us into a room, requesting us to wait a few minutes. The

place was filled with all sorts of china, linens, photographs and post-cards, their subjects being the fanciful devices of the Kings and Queens who frequented the Touraine and views of the châteaux they occupied. To save time we purchased several articles for we fancied we would be kept waiting until we did so. Immediately afterwards we were taken to the château.

The chief point of interest at Chambord is the wonderful spiral staircase where one person may ascend and another descend without seeing each other. This sets one to thinking of the important part it must have played in the intrigue of the time of François First and later. It was here Gaston d'Orléans and his little daughter, the Grande Mademoiselle, once played hide and seek.

The apartments, numbering a room for each day in the year, are not very interesting; one, containing some toy cannon presented to the young Count of Chambord; another, a portrait of Marie Lescinzska by Van Loo, some tapestry in the chapel which was worked by little Madame Royale when in the Temple; and, still another, being the study of François First, with carved walls

and ceiling which was later the oratory of Marie Lescinzska, are the only things to claim much attention. It was on one of the window-panes of his study that, according to tradition, François escutcheoned with his diamond ring the famous couplet,

Souvent femme varie,
Bien foi est qui s'y fie

There is a fine view from the terraces on the roof, and here we again peopled the place with nobles and courtiers, flattering François Premier, who moved among them clad in the richest Italian velvets and surrounded by every splendour.

There are thirteen staircases at Chambord. On the one beneath the dome of the Orléans wing are three caryatides representing François First, the Duchess d'Etampes, and the Countess of Chateaubriand, that trinity of boon companions in intrigue.

The lowering sun warned us to be on our way, and reluctantly we took leave; crossing the magnificent bridge that spans the Loire we drove up the Rue Denis Pepin into the courtyard of the Grand Hôtel de Blois, an attractive little hostelry, where

we were welcomed by a smiling "Maîtresse d'Hôtel." We were given quaint tiny rooms and after removing the stains of travel we dined in a hall where the walls were tiled with the emblems of the Renaissance Kings and Queens. Here we first tasted the Sparkling Vouvray of which we had heard so much praise, and found it had not been overrated.

In the twilight we wandered down the streets and, at the one shop we found open, purchased post-cards to send to the dear ones across the water.

III

BLOIS, CHAUMONT, AMBOISE, CHENONCEAUX AND LOCHES

August 19th. A heavenly sunrise, the severing clouds laced with streaks of glorious crimson, invited an early start. After breakfast we climbed the short steep hill to the Château of Blois and our first sight was the building of Louis Twelfth, built of black and red lozenge-shaped bricks, facing the little tree-bordered square. Above the entrance to the courtyard is an equestrian statue of Louis Twelfth, replacing the ancient one destroyed by the Revolutionists, and supposed to be a replica of the former. The windows are very ornate, and gargoyles abound in the decoration of the façade.

The only blot on this pile of Blois is the wing of Gaston d'Orléans, who began a complete restoration of the whole, but luckily this was the only thing he accomplished.

Our guide was a dear little old woman who took us slowly along, with some French

visitors, telling us in a sing-song voice the history of the château. I suppose it is impossible to put much feeling in the telling of a story one repeats a dozen times a day.

The apartments of Anne of Brittany are filled with inferior paintings and sculptures; all the rooms have been restored but the chimney-pieces are too gaudily decorated. Re-entering the Court, which, with its colonnades, is quite cloister-like in effect, we proceeded to the Chapel of Saint Calais, a tawdrily decorated building. It was built by Louis Twelfth and his betrothal to Anne of Brittany is represented on one of the windows.

In the wing of Gaston is the remarkable staircase frame (the steps have never been made; the staircase is of wood) crowned, in the interior, by an imposing double-storied cupola. It contains on the first floor the Public Library of the town and the Salle des Fêtes, also two beautiful Gobelin tapestries designed by Charles Lebrun.

From the Terasse du Foix there is a glorious view of the town and the course of the Loire. In the Tour de Foix Catherine de

Medici installed her astrologer, Cosmo Ruggieri, an old alchemist and philosopher, but a sorry rogue, very useful to Catherine after the death of Henry Second. Whereever Catherine resided Ruggieri was in her train, never for a moment leaving her, for on him she could lay the blame of the various poisonings and secret assassinations. Even when he went so far as to make an image of Charles Ninth and inflicted certain indignities upon it for which he was sent to the galleys, Catherine soon obtained his release and set him to work again with his poisons and philtres.

The grand staircase is in the centre of the wing of François First; it is the Chef d'Œuvre of the Renaissance with its exquisite female figures and lace-work designs, the salamander, the hedge-hog, and the initials of François First and Claude of France. The three statues representing Peace, Youth and Friendship present the profile of Diane de Poitiers and are attributed to Jean Goujon. Unlike most staircases, this one winds from left to right. We climbed it, admiring every inch of the way, to the second landing, from which we followed the guide to the apart-

ments of Catherine de Medici. The room where she died is directly beneath the one in which the Duke de Guise was murdered by order of Henry Third, and on her dying bed Catherine was obliged to listen to the death struggle going on above her. The oratory of Catherine contains a pretty apsis projecting beyond the façade and a superb stone pendentive. The "cabinet de travail" has delightful carved wood-work in which there are no less than two hundred and thirty-seven differently ornamented panels which contain secret cupboards; all of the panels having hollow spaces, so that when one raps on them one cannot distinguish the cupboards from the spaces. From this room, it is said, Marie de Medici made her escape, when imprisoned at Blois by her son, but this story has been disproven as have so many other traditional tales.

All the rooms have been restored by putting linens on the walls and painting upon them designs of the original decorations, but they have too new a look and are far too opulent and highly coloured.

Above the apartments of Catherine are those of Henri Third which include the Salle

de Conseil where the Duc de Guise, surnamed "la Balafré" attended a council to which Henri had summoned him, in order to have him assassinated; the Salle des Gardes; the Galerie du Roi, formerly divided into five rooms, one of which was the oratory where the King placed two monks to pray during the murder of the "Balafré," and another room being the wardrobe chamber where the King had the corpse of the Duc hidden; the Cabinet Neuf, where Henri remained during the assassination and the King's Bed-Room to which Guise, stabbed by the assassins in the adjoining room, returned and fell dead at the foot of the bed. It was then only that Henri Third dare emerge from the "cabinet neuf." Pushing the corpse aside with his foot, he said: "He seems greater in death than in life."

In the Tour des Oubliettes or Tour du Moulin is the dungeon where Cardinal de Guise, brother of the "Balafré," was murdered the day after his brother was done to death. The cell is still armed with the same heavy iron door.

The bodies of the two brothers were burned the same night and their ashes thrown into

the Loire for fear their followers might convert them into relics.

We descended to the Salle des Etats, the oldest in the Castle, dating from the thirteenth century. It is divided in two by eight columns and a mean staircase has replaced the wooden one of two stories by which the King descended into the hall when the States-Councils were held.

Along the Loire to Chaumont is a charming drive, and our automobile bore us swiftly to the hideous wire-rope bridge which creaked in an alarming manner as we drove across it.

The Château of Chaumont, owned by the Duke de Broglie, was such a contrast to the other châteaux we had visited, this one being occupied by the family who reserve the left wing for their own use, while the right one, which is shown to visitors, is beautifully furnished with tapestries and furniture belonging to the period of Catherine de Medici.

The entrance to the court-yard is reached by crossing the bridge over the moat and passing between two lofty towers, the left one ornamented with the initials of George d'Amboise, surmounted by the Cardinal's

hat, and the right one being adorned with those of Charles d'Amboise who commenced the present château after 1473. A medallion decorating the gateway contains the initials of Anne of Brittany and Louis Twelfth, and the other decorations consist of letters C elegantly entwined, and some volcanoes, an allusion to the name Chaumont (Chaud-mont=Warm-hill). And here and there, can also be seen some D's attached, standing for Diane de Poitiers.

The winding staircase of honour leads to the Salle d'Armes which has a ceiling painted in 1539 with the arms of Chaumont and Amboise, an array of Flemish tapestries, armour, some carved wood benches and a lantern. Adjoining is the Council Chamber with its pavement in coloured faïences of Palermo, magnificent Brussels tapestries of the sixteenth century and Italian earthenware. In the bedroom attributed to Catherine de Medici is a Baldachin bedstead, a prie-Dieu and a dressing table, the ownership incorrectly ascribed to Catherine. From this chamber a balcony overlooks the chapel where the de Broglie family hold services. In the room supposed to have been occupied

by Ruggieri, the astrologer of Catherine, there is a private staircase ascending to the platform of the tower, which, according to tradition, he used as an observatory.

Another chamber leads from the other side of the Salle d'Armes and is attributed to Diane de Poitiers. It contains her portrait, furniture and tapestries and bed of the sixteenth century.

Returning to the courtyard the beautiful well-head claimed our attention, also the wonderful view of the valley and the placid Loire, with its bars of sand and pebbles gleaming like gold in the sun. The owner had one side of the buildings and two towers removed from the château to obtain that glorious picture of the river.

Leaving the picture-like Château of Chaumont, we followed along the tawny coloured, slowly flowing river to Amboise perched high above the little town of white houses that cluster around its feet; it is the property of the Count de Paris, another pretender to the French throne. He and his family have undertaken its restoration and have established there a home and retreat for their old servants.

Under the guidance of the daughter of the guardian we were allowed to take our time and revel in the beauty of the gardens which are lifted high aloft and isolated from the peasant life below.

Up an incline one goes first to the Chapel of Saint Hubert, a jewel set on the edge of the ramparts; over its door is the exquisite carving of the vision of Saint Hubert and above that in the tympanum, the Virgin between Charles Eighth and Anne of Brittany, a much inferior piece of sculpture. The interior is a gem of Gothic architecture, the carvings, veritable stone lace and much more beautiful, in a miniature way, than those in Chartres Cathedral.

Along an odorous garden of roses and honeysuckle we continued up the inclined path leading to the château, at the head of which is a bust of Leonardo de Vinci, whose bones are supposed to lie in the chapel.

The apartments, to which one is admitted, are all in a state of restoration, consequently are in a barren condition. From the King's Apartments we went to the Salle des Etats, where the windows open on the conspirator's balcony, the ironwork of which

is a masterpiece of fifteenth-century craftsmanship.

The Tour des Minimes, and the Tour Hurtault, situated near the Queen's Apartments, are so built that horses and wagons can enter from the lower road and mount to the top. They were perfected by François Premier when he invited Charles Quint of Spain to visit him, for Charles could not or would not climb the hill, but mounted that great inclined plane in a state coach, followed by a retinue of splendidly attired courtiers. As he died later of gout, doubtless it was an impossibility for him to approach any other way.

In this same old castle François First spent his youth, educated by his mother Louise de Savoie, together with his brilliant sister Marguerite, the household forming what François called the "trinity of love."

And one can imagine the courtyard filled with people of the past stalking majestically about the terraces and courts we were treading to-day, Catherine de Medici planning her diabolical deeds; the wily Henri de Guise; the haughty Condé; and the fair Marie Stuart with her youthful spouse, re-

splendent in their costly velvets, brocades and laces.

At Amboise Catherine rejoiced in the massacre of the Huguenots, and frail Marie Stuart and Francis Second, speechless with horror, were obliged to look from the balcony and witness the horrible atrocities committed.

Abd-el-Kedar was imprisoned in the Salle des Etats, which, during his captivity, was partitioned off into apartments. Since then it has been restored to its normal condition.

Under the mossy "*tilleuls*" and along the pathway beside the ramparts we went to the doorway where Charles Eighth was supposed to have struck his head when running to play a game of tennis, thereby causing his death. However, history tells us he died from a stroke of apoplexy, so another legend is shattered.

Leaving the banks of the Loire, caressed by that golden river, we entered the valley of the Cher, and alighted in front of the tall iron gates of Chenonceaux. A walk up the broad avenue of plane-trees, between the sphinxes, past the tower and over the

drawbridge, took us to the entrance doors of that beautiful and graceful building which has been described as looking like a pretty capricious woman, garbed in white.

The singular and fantastic gallery which almost spans the Cher is two stories high and stands on five arcades separated by abutments on each side of which is a semicircular turret rising up to the level of the first story. The entrance door has beautiful carvings. On entering we were taken to the dining-room, over the door of which, in carved stone, are Saint Thomas and Saint Catherine, patron saints of Thomas Bohier and his wife Catherine, one time owners and beautifiers of the Château of Chenonceaux.

The dining-room, formerly the Halle des Gardes, has a ceiling decorated with the initials of Catherine de Medici, a chimneypiece with the arms of the Briçonnet family and Flemish tapestries representing the Rape of Helen; a carved door of the sixteenth century representing Saint Hubert connects the dining-room with the Chapel which contains some old stained glass of 1521.

The chamber of Diane de Poitiers has a fine carved chimney-piece over which is a portrait of Catherine de Medici, Flemish tapestries of the fifteenth century, an "Education of Love" by Correggio and an Italian library. The "cabinet vert" adjoining has retained its decorations of the time of Catherine de Medici, with Henri Second furniture. A small cabinet leads out of this room and projects over the river.

In the chamber of François First, the chimney-piece is of carved stone, valuable autographs are displayed in cases, and there are some pieces of Italian furniture of the fifteenth century, a few pieces of Louis Thirteenth furniture and portraits including one of the three authentic portraits of Diane de Poitiers.

Passing along the lower story of the gallery we saw the old ceiling with its mournful decoration of the room of Louise de Vaudemont, widow of Henri Third, to whom Catherine bequeathed Chenonceaux. One cannot blame Catherine for wresting this beautiful dwelling from Diane at the first opportunity. Much humiliation had she endured at the instigation of her husband's

fascinating mistress, for he even met his death in honour of Diane, who had the satisfaction of knowing he bore her colours on his lance and her initials, set in gold and jewels, on his shield.

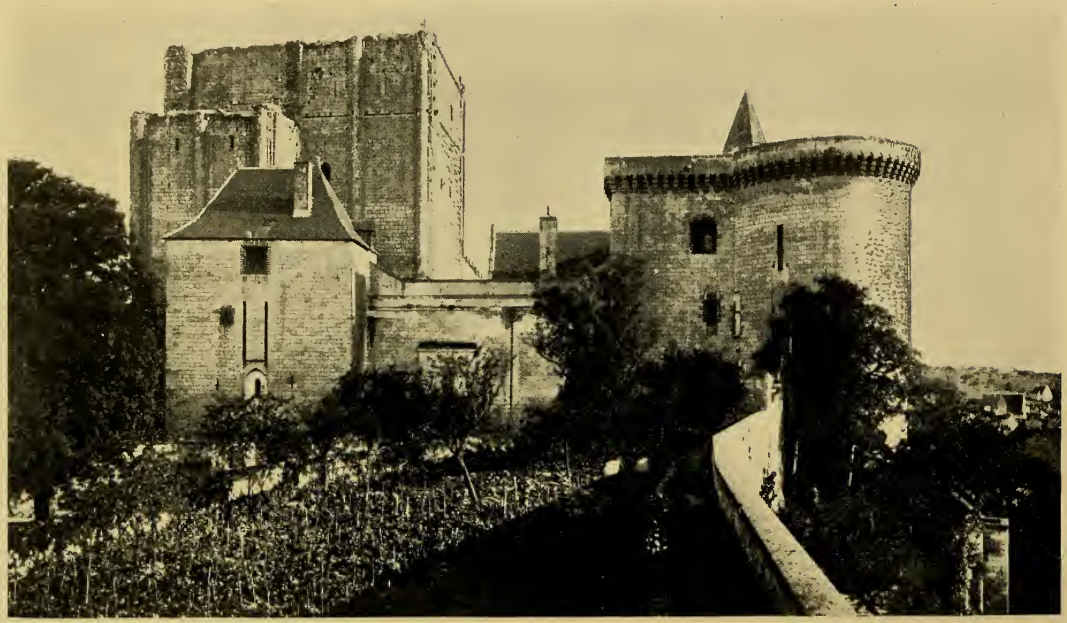
Both women continued in turn the work begun by Catherine de Briçonnet of embellishing and beautifying the house and grounds.

Two pretty formal gardens run along the right bank of the shady Cher, and just below the Château a little wooded islet rests on the bosom of the waters.

Tasso visited Catherine de Medici at Chenonceaux and the honeymoon of François Second and Mary Queen of Scots was spent there. The Long Gallery has been no bridge of sighs, but the scene of many fêtes and much merrymaking, for there Henri Second and Diane passed many hours, dancing, loving and intriguing. The death of Louise de Vaudemont seems to be the one sad occurrence. At present the Château is owned by Monsieur Terry, husband of the late Sybil Sanderson.

One leaves Chenonceaux with very happy impressions; no bloodshed nor poisoning has

Château d'Amboise



Dungeons and Tower of Louis XI. at Loches

occurred within its walls, instead, most of the occupants have spent their happiest moments there.

We stopped at the jolly little Hôtel du Bon Laboureur for a refreshing draught, then continued our way to Loches, a delicious run through smiling villages and billowy country, most of the fields stacked high with golden hay.

After entering the gates of Loches it is a steep climb to the present Parish church of Saint Ours, formerly Notre-Dame. In a musical voice the young woman, who showed us about, told us this church had only assumed its present form since the Revolution, after the destruction of Saint Ours which stood under the King's apartments in the special enciente called the Petit-Fort-Saint-Ours. In front of this pagan looking building is a porch, with ribs added, in the sixteenth-century style, which opens at the side by two small doors. An antique altar, in the shape of a round column, ornamented with various carved subjects, serves as a holy-water font. The main door of the church, with semicircular arch and dating from the twelfth century, has a

magnificent archivolt with figures and allegorical subjects.

The first bay of the nave, forming an interior vestibule, belongs to the building which Geoffrey Guise-Gonelle, Conte d'Anjou had consecrated in 965. It is surmounted by a massive clock-tower, the upper story of which octagonal in form dates, like the stone spire, from the commencement of the twelfth century. The nave, properly so called, with two perfectly square compartments, is covered by two stone pyramids having eight sides (formerly they were conical in shape outside) which forms the exterior roofing. The building of these pyramids was carried out or inspired by Thomas Pactius, prior of the Chapter. A steeple surrounded by four bell turrets covers the central tower which is square in shape from top to bottom. The two small aisles of the nave, added later, date from the twelfth and the sixteenth centuries, the choir stalls of the sixteenth century and the tabernacle of the eleventh century are very beautiful.

By the aid of the flickering light from a tallow dip we descended to the crypt, one of the many secret passages Louis Eleventh

had made, in which is an altar and a well-preserved wall painting of Saint Brice.

In the chapel of the Virgin the stained glass windows relate the story of the Sash of the Virgin, a unique relic preserved in the Treasury for which the church was built.

From the church we walked along the Rue Charles Seventh to the Château Royal which overlooks the Indre, flowing peacefully past. It is now used as the sub-prefecture. Once it was inhabited by the Kings of France; Charles Seventh, Louis Eleventh, Charles Eighth, and Louis Twelfth. In its present state the exterior dates from the first and last of these monarchs.

In the courtyard is the magnificent chestnut tree, planted, it is said, by François Premier and in the interior, in the oldest part of the building is the beautiful oratory of Anne of Brittany, decorated with ermines and cordeliers. In the basement of the highest tower is the tomb of the "fair and frail" Agnes Sorel; her recumbent statue is of the sixteenth century; two angels are kneeling at the sides of the head of the deceased whose feet rest upon two little lambs.

Agnes Sorel, known as "La Belle des Belles," was maid of honour to the Countess of Anjou; she attracted the attention of Charles Seventh of France and it was largely her patriotic influence that inspired that monarch to carry on his struggle against the English. She left a large sum of money to the Monks of Loches and was buried in the church of Saint Ours. Later the monks alleging scruples as to her past life, requested permission from Louis Eleventh, himself hostile to Agnes, to remove her remains. The King agreed on condition that they also surrendered her endowments, but this condition they would not accept, so she remained in the church until her tomb was removed during the reign of Louis Sixteenth.

Next we went to the donjon, the most remarkable part of the château; the foundation of Loches was built by Fulk Nerra, Charles Seventh rebuilt it and at the same time surrounded it with walls and fortified gateways. Louis Eleventh, who succeeded him, strengthened it, and to keep under his hand those prisoners who had angered him most built the Tour Ronde, or Tour Neuve. This big round tower contains vast halls re-

served for people of distinction, the prison of the Duc d'Alençon, the Salle des Gardes, and the Salle de Question, in which can be seen the various instruments of torture. In the circular dungeon, hidden away in the foundations, ventilated by the smallest of loopholes, were once the famous cages invented at the time of Louis Eleventh by Cardinal La Balue, who had the misfortune to occupy one himself. These cages were made of wood and iron and covered with sheets of iron both inside and out and of various sizes. The one occupied by Cardinal La Balue was said to have been too small to allow him to either stand up or lie down and was suspended from the roof of this underground prison. The cells of the Tour Ronde are the least impressive of the terrible prisons of Loches; the ones in the Martelet, the next building to the Tour Neuve, are far more interesting.

There one sees cell below cell cut from the solid rock, the upper ones provided with small loopholes, but the lower ones like a tomb. Descending thirty-seven steps of a narrow winding staircase, with only the rays of one lantern carried by the guard-

ian to guide us, we entered the cell where was imprisoned for nine years Lodovic Sforza, Duke of Milan. The walls are covered with rude paintings, designs and writings done by him, to relieve the monotony of his existence. Also, he made a sun-dial on the wall opposite the narrow loophole, hoping thereby to keep track of the time. Philosophy, impatience and despair are denoted in the notes covering the walls; his portrait also appears in several places. After nine years of imprisonment he died of joy on hearing of his release. The other cells bear inscriptions in various languages; Philip de Commines has written there "I have sometimes repented for having spoken; never for having kept silent." In the Tour Martelet was also imprisoned the Comte de Saint Vallier, father of the fair Diane de Poitiers, who secured his release by fascinating the susceptible François First, but afterwards the king, growing tired of her, she turned her attention to his son.

We retraced our steps to the church, past the donjon proper, a rectangular tower of which nothing remains but the four walls; this with the towers, the church and the

Château Royal are things that form the Castle of Loches whose enormous enciente covers the top of the hill; it abounds in broken gateways, twisting passages and crooked lanes that lead to postern doors.

Descending through the ancient streets we reached the Porte des Cordeliers a turreted machicolated tower and the Tour Saint Antoine remains of a demolished church. This Renaissance edifice has a Gothic base and was erected during the years 1519 to 1530. It has a remarkable balustrade forming figures and letters and is completed by a cupola restored at the end of the nineteenth century. In the Rue Saint Antoine is another Renaissance building, the Hôtel Ruillon. The charming Hôtel de Ville, built from 1535 to 1542 by the architect Jean Beaudoin and recently restored, adjoins the Porte Picoys of the fifteenth century. The Chancellerie is in the Rue de Château and dates from the reign of Henri Second. It is said that in the Hotel de la Couroirie the Protestants captured that famous jester of Henris Third and Fourth, called Chicot, and made immortal in the romance of Dumas *fils*.

The sun was casting long shadows as we reluctantly turned the bonnet of our car toward Tours; in the distance the Madonna on the keep of Montebazon towered black against the sky, then the spires of the Cathedral at Tours came into view stained a deep crimson by the wonderful western glow.

After dinner we went for a glimpse of the Cathedral and had a heavenly few minutes; the evening star, large and lustrous, hung between the spires and there was a mist about the fane which was most beautiful.

IV

FROM TOURS TO CHINON AND SAUMUR

August 20th. Awaking early we quickly dressed and hurried to the Cathedral and oh! how wonderfully beautiful it was, the soft grey colouring of its tall, tall front against the faint blue sky of the early morning. Inside it was very dark, just the altar candles to light up the arches which faded away in a mystery of shadows. We returned to the hotel for breakfast, collected our traps, and then made a last visit to the Cathedral. The sun was pouring through the magnificent stained glass windows, throwing a myriad of colours on the beautiful tomb of the children of Charles Eighth and Anne of Brittany.

The figures are of white marble and there are little angels at the heads and feet. The carved towers of this Cathedral of Saint Gatien are 226 and 229 feet, respectively, its façade is most lavishly decorated and Henri Second is reported to have said of it that,

"It was a jewel to which only the casket was wanting." The so-called house of Tristan the Hermit, known as the Maison des Pendus (of the hanged) from the numerous executions which took place there, of which the stout nails on the façade are memorials, is built of red brick with grey stone trimmings cunningly carved. Unfortunately, it is fast going to ruin which is to be regretted, for it ranks in interest with the Maison Gouin and the Hôtel Semblançay.

The birthplace of Balzac is in the Rue National, number 39, and his statue faces the Place-du-Palais-de-Justice.

The Abbey of Saint Martin fell during the years of the Revolution, a street was cut through the nave, so now the two dismembered parts and a gallery of one of the cloisters are the only remains of that immense basilica and present a solitary appearance. The Tour Charlemagne, so called because Luitgard, the third wife of Charlemagne, was buried beneath it, adjoined the north transept of the church; the Tour l'Horloge stood to the right of the west portal. These two towers brought to mind the pathetic story

of the "Curé de Tours" who dwelt in the shadow of the great fane.

In the Rue Descartes is the new basilica of Saint Martin, built in the Romano-Byzantine style, by Lalou.

The Maison Gouin has an almost pure white stone façade facing a courtyard, and is a mass of lovely lacework carvings, restored so carefully they look of recent date. The Hôtel de Semblançay is another fine old house, and the graceful fountain of Beaume, the work of Michel Colombe, is a treasure of architectural art.

The road to Lengeais has the Loire on one side and hills of vineyards, in shades of green, gold and red, on the other. Soon we reached the Château of Luynes, owned by the Duke of the same name. The apartments are closed to visitors and the grounds may be visited only after midday. As we were too early for the latter privilege we contented ourselves with the view of the house which presents an imposing appearance pitched high above the borders of the river, with its massive round pepper-box towers, with thick counterforts, which give it a formidable but inelegant appearance.

Luynes retains precious souvenirs of the Roman occupation and in the middle ages was called "Maillé," and was the cradle of the family of that name, who owned it during four centuries, from the eleventh to the sixteenth. Toward 1501, the lands of Maillé passed by marriage to the house of Laval; in 1619 it was purchased by Charles Albert of Luynes, Keeper of the Seals and one of the favourites of Louis Thirteenth, who created it a dukedom for him.

A little more than halfway between Luynes and Langeais are two other ancient buildings, the more interesting being the Pile of Cinq Mars, a solid tower without doors or windows ninety-five feet high and about fifteen feet in diameter, crowned by four small pyramids. It is probably of Roman origin and is supposed to be a funeral monument or beacon marking the confluence of the Loire and Cher. The other is the ruins of the Château of the Marquis of Cinq Mars, also a favourite of Louis Thirteenth, who was beheaded after being tortured, along with his friend De Thou at Lyons in 1642, for having conspired against Richelieu. After the execution of Cinq

Mars, Richelieu had the Château "razed to the height of infamy." The ruins consist of two cylindrical towers and portions of a huge wall which at one time must have been a formidable stronghold, judging by its towers and its commanding position. At present its aspect is most peaceful, little houses are clustered at its base and its sides are a convenient support for sheds and storehouses for the farmers and vine growers.

All along the road from Tours to Langeais are flourishing vineyards, the houses of the growers cut in the solid rock of the hill sides, and it was a novel experience to see a stove-pipe coming through a mass of foliage or in the centre of a flower bed, indicating a cave or room beneath.

At Langeais, we were pursued by a man on a bicycle who urged us to have déjeuner at his inn. We followed him and entered a sweetly scented garden beyond a courtyard, where we lunched amidst a bower of shrubs, the only thing that marred our pleasure being a swarm of bees that hovered about us, much to the amusement of the little maid who served us and who kept assuring us that they would not "*pic*."

The Château of Langeais, which completely dominated the town to which it gives its name, existed as far back as the fifteenth century when it was known as Alangavia. The old château was built by Fulques the Black, Conte d'Anjou, and the new edifice was erected by Jean Bourré, minister of Louis Eleventh about 1540. Among the historical events which have taken place at the château mention must be made of the drawing up of the Customs of Touraine by Charles Seventh, and the most important of all, the marriage of Charles Eighth and Anne of Brittany December 16, 1491. The domain of Langeais has been the property among others of Pierre de Brosse, barber and minister of Philippe the Bold, Francis d'Orléans, son of the celebrated "bastard," then the families of de Bellay d'Effiat, barons of Cinq Mars, and finally of the Duc de Luynes to whom it belonged at the outbreak of the Revolution.

Langeais was finally purchased by the late M. Jacques Siegfried, who presented it to the Institut de France after having it restored by the architect Lucien Roy and furnished in the style of its period, reserv-

ing, however, the use of it during the life of his wife and himself.

Opposite the house once inhabited by Rabelais is the drawbridge, the main entrance to the château, which is composed of two distinct parts. On the little promontory, cut by the valley of the Roumer, there still remain the ruins of the keep of Fulk Nerra, the oldest of French donjons. At the foot of the hill is the Château of Jean Bourré, an imposing construction of the middle of the fifteenth century, which retains all its defensive equipment and the stern aspect of a feudal fortress. It is composed of two wings forming an open angle on its interior side looking towards the hill of the donjon; the exterior is perforated by uncommon windows crowned by machicolations and has a covered watch balcony running around the circumference which is flanked by three enormous, magnificent towers with conical roofs. The interior façade, more exposed, has a less austere appearance with its lofty dormer windows and the three turrets with angular spires.

Being absolutely intact the Château of Langeais offers not only the greatest in-

terest for its architecture, but for its irreproachable furniture in the taste of the period, and the artistic objects the late M. Siegfried collected, have, likewise, imparted to the château its animated character of former times and together with its architectural setting form a complete and harmonious ensemble. The former white-washed walls are decorated with beautiful paintings by Charles Lameire, inspired by fifteenth-century tapestries and designs in the Book of Hours of Anne of Brittany, a copy of which is in the château. When M. and Mme. Siegfried could not obtain genuine antiques of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries they had perfect copies made from examples in the museums, but no authentic specimen of those centuries was let slip if it made a fitting addition to the collections.

There are fourteenth-century tapestries in almost every room; in the Salon des Fleurs the andirons are by Jean Goujon, the woodwork and cupboard copied from the models of Saint Germain l'Auxerois, a curious firescreen painted in grey camïeu formerly belonged to Louise de Vaudemont, wife and widow of Henri Third, and formed

a part of the furniture in the mourning room occupied by the widowed Queen at Chenonceaux, and the Book of Hours of Anne of Brittany.

The Salle des Gardes which is now used as the dining-room has beautiful paving, a superb chimney-piece due to François d'Orléans, François First andirons and two choir stalls of the fifteenth century, magnificently carved, which were removed from Arques.

The Grand Salon, where the marriage of Anne and Charles was celebrated, has seven tapestries of 1535, Spanish choir stalls, a painting on wood of Anne and Louis Twelfth, Gothic chest, Anne of Austria cushions and a Madeleine by Henner. Langeais has very few pictures, but the magnificent tapestries more than compensate.

The beds are mostly of the thirteenth century, those of the fifteenth being cumbersome and not so pretty, while those of the thirteenth are small and beautiful. In all the rooms were tall vases filled with blooms, and from the windows facing on the courtyard we could see the gaily coloured formal gardens in front of the donjon.

The decorative ironwork throughout the

building deserves careful study, the beautifully wrought knockers and bolts, also the torch-holders, candelabra, Italian tripods for holding the braziers, and the massive fire-dogs.

We made the tour of the rounds, gazing down the machicolations, and through the little windows getting a curious view of the town and valley in the foreground and in the distance to the north the spires of the Cathedral at Tours. Below us the Château of Villandray where Philippe Augustus met Henry Second of England to conclude peace, and to the right Azay le Rideau, while farther on we could see the Pile and ruins of Cinq Mars.

Our exit was made down the winding stairs of one of the towers on to the stone curtain enclosing the garden and once again we crossed the drawbridge and took the road to Azay le Rideau, along which, at little ponds were the brown peasant women pounding their snowy linen, and down little alleys between the rows of cottages we caught glimpses of tiny green gardens. Crossing the Loire we reached the Château by crossing a small bridge and entering

the grounds between two beautifully ornamented gates, found ourselves in the Court of Honour which is bounded on the side opposite the gates by the main building with its beautiful staircase façade. On the right the Court is bounded by a wing running at right angles to the main building and ending with a big tower; four smaller projecting coiffed turrets flank the exterior corners of the Château; the other three sides must be seen from across the Indre, as the river skirts it there.

The Château is one of the purest creations of the early Renaissance period, but in regard to size it is a comparatively simple and modest construction. Being entirely built at one time it is a most graceful building, completely harmonious in style. It is, too, so charmingly situated, its white architecture standing out in the midst of verdant country moistened by the cool waters of the Indre.

Azay le Rideau has no historical associations, no tragedies have occurred within its walls nor has any royal procession of note crossed its bridge. Over the entrance door are the emblems of François First and Anne

of Brittany and on the ceiling of the grand staircase are medallions of the Kings and Queens of France, restored since the Revolution.

Four of the rooms are appropriately furnished with exhibits sent from the Louvre and the Cluny museums as well as private gifts from the Barons Rothschild and others. During the course of repairs and removing modern additions, an ancient well was discovered on the site of the former kitchen.

The first Château is believed to have been constructed about 1266 by a certain Hughes Ridel or Rideau, whose name is still given to the locality. It is said that in 1417 the Dauphin Charles, afterward Charles Seventh, on his journey from Chinon to Tours, while passing in front of the Château, was insulted by the Burgundy garrison stationed there, that he then took the place by assault, exterminated the offenders and burnt the town which, on account of this act was called Azay le Brule (Azay the burnt). In reality, nothing is absolutely known of Azay before its acquisition and reconstruction in 1518 (?) by Gilles Berthelot who at first was councillor and secretary to the King and

Château of Chinon, Tour du Moulin

The Cathedral at Tours

later Treasurer General of Finance. Berthelet having been involved in the degradation of Semblançay, François First confiscated the Château, which since then has passed into many hands. Among other proprietors of the seventeenth century may be mentioned Henri de Berninghem who built the stables and servants' quarters, and adorned with paintings the grand apartments called the King's chamber, because Louis Fourteenth slept there. The Château was finally owned by the Biencourt family and the last important event in its history is its occupation by the Germans in 1870 to 1871.

Through the tiny park, across the little bridges over the branches of the Indre and among the flowers we wandered, then returning to the car sped like an arrow through the sleepy little town of Azay to Chinon, past great stretches of luxuriant vineyards, their vines heavy with huge bunches of luscious grapes turning gold and purple in the laughing sunlight. We were in the heart of Touraine, with its market gardens, orchards and vineyards in every direction we turned our gaze.

At the Castle of Chinon, the pulling of a bell rope sent forth a silvery tinkle which was answered by a very young girl who admitted us through a small door in the entrance gate and allowed us to wander at will among the ruins. Looking over the battlements we saw the little town, with its old houses of wood and stone, clustered beneath our feet and the Vienne flowing beside it sparkling in the sun for mile upon mile.

The site of the Château of Chinon was originally a Celtic "Oppidum" and afterwards a Roman "Castrum." In 427 Saint Brice founded a parochial church there and later Saint Mexme created a monastery, building there a second church which was afterwards converted into an ecclesiastical college. Clovis made Chinon one of the fortresses of his kingdom and during the tenth and eleventh centuries Chinon was the property of the Comtes of Blois, one of whom (Thibaut Third) surrendered it to Geoffrey Martel, Conte d'Anjou. It was thus that in the twelfth century the town became part of the possessions of Henry Second, King of England. This monarch

preferred Chinon to all other continental towns, often resided there and died at the Château in 1189.

According to local traditions his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, mortally wounded at the siege of Charles at Limousin, was conveyed to Chinon and he too died there. It is certain, however, that he, like his father, was buried at Fontevrault, where his statue and tomb are still to be seen.

When Philippe Augustus united Touraine to France, Chinon only surrendered after a twelve months' siege. Under Philip le Long one hundred and sixty Jews, accused of having poisoned the wells of the town, were burned on an island in the Vienne. In 1428 Charles Seventh assembled the States General there whilst the English were besieging Orleans and at Chinon, too, Jeanne d'Arc was first introduced to the King and decided to relieve Orléans. Under Louis Eleventh Philippe de Commines was governor of the Château of the town, then in 1630 it became the property of Cardinal Richelieu whose descendants retained the seigniorial rights until the Revolution.

The Château is composed of three fortresses, quite distinct from each other, separated by deep ditches and erected in one straight line from east to west, on a lengthy oblong surrounded by escarpments overlooking the right bank of the river. The Château Saint Georges is the least ancient and yet the most dilapidated of the three. This was a sort of an advance fortress and was added in the twelfth century to the original château by Henry Plantagenet. It stands outside and in front of the present encircling wall which has been razed to the level of the interior grounds. Vineyards now occupy its site.

From the Pavilion l'Horloge of the fourteenth century, through the gate of which we entered, we visited the Château du Milieu (Middle Château) built on the ruins of the Roman fort, remains of which have been discovered showing portions of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth century buildings. It was restored under Charles Sixth, Charles Seventh and Louis Eleventh. Its enciente, almost rectangular and very long, has been converted into laid out gardens. On the summit of the ram-

parts, overlooking the town and the valley, stood the Grand Logis, a royal dwelling of which only the walls remain, the best preserved portions being the chimneys. It was in that apartment that Henry Second of England died in 1189, after receiving the news that his favourite son John had fallen away from him. The famous interview between Jeanne d'Arc and Charles Seventh took place in the Grand Salle du Trône about two and a half centuries later, and the Maid singled out the King from amongst the crowd of courtiers with whom he had purposely mingled. From the eighth of March until the twentieth of April, 1429, Jeanne occupied the tower of the Château du Coudray, under the guard of Guillame Beliér, a lieutenant of the captain of Chinon. In front of the wall opposite the town stands the Tour des Chiens, and at the north-west corner the Tour d'Argenton which contains the prison cells.

The Grand Logis, flanked by a square tower at its exterior corner, is separated by a deep ditch from the third fortress (The Château du Coudray) to which access is gained by a bridge. Its walls, likewise laid

out as gardens, have the form of a trapezium flanked with formidable towers. At the corner of the ditch stands the magnificent Tour de Boissy of the thirteenth century, polygonal and oblong in form, terminated by a platform with battlements, a fanciful restoration.

The Tour du Moulin is the tallest and slenderest of the towers, and on its ground floor is a pretty arched room enclosing a Roman stela, some cannon balls and lapidary remains.

We wandered about through a tangle of shrubs, talking of the Maid and of Agnes Sorel who once had her appointed apartment there as one of the Queen's maids of honour. Later, winning the entire affection of the King (Charles Seventh), she was provided with a house in the neighbourhood, to which a subterranean passage was made to connect with the castle, enabling the King to visit her in secret.

The town, with its picturesque, winding streets and stairways, suggesting Italian villages, has an equestrienne statue of Jeanne, and on the tree-lined quay is a statue of Rabelais surrounded by flower

beds. In the vine-covered courtyard of the Hôtel de France we had some sparkling wine of Saumur, while the soft breeze tinkled the little bells hanging beneath the gallery of the old feudal Inn.

Crossing the Vienne we took a last backward glance at Chinon seated majestically on the hills, then pursued our way to Saumur, along roads that were less straight but more attractive, through tiny villages possessing houses of the smallest order but each having a blaze of old-fashioned flowers in the miniature gardens, and rose vines and creepers clambering over their walls. At Montsoreau we again joined the Loire. Dumas *fils* has perpetuated the name of this place by naming one of his novels after the lady of the Château (La Dame de Montsoreau), and what one of us has not been thrilled by reading of the adventures of that beautiful woman, and the heroic defense of Bussy d'Amboise against the combined attack of Montsoreau and his band of ruffians and the cut-throats in the pay of d'Epernon? Long ago it took its place as one of the masterpieces of this writer of historical romances.

It was too late to visit the Château so we continued our flight to Saumur. There our hotel faced the river and from our windows we had a perfect view of the Loire under a starry sky.

V

ALONG THE LOIRE TO NANTES

August 21st. Great disappointment was ours, on awaking, to see the rain pouring pitilessly from a leaden sky, which gave us no hope for a clear afternoon. However, being obliged to continue our journey, we tried to be cheerful. We visited the church of Notre-Dame de Nantilly, a remarkable edifice of the commencement of the twelfth century, the Normanesque nave of which was founded by Louis Eleventh. It has a wide aisle of the Flamboyant style, and a small private oratory delightfully carved which has been converted into a chapel containing a baptismal font. The crypt has a marble bas-relief of the Renaissance, an epitaph to Tiephanie, a nurse of King René of Anjou, a crosier of Gilles de Tyr, Custodian of the Seals under Saint Louis, and tapestries of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the church, which was gaudily decorated for the feast of some

saint, Mass was being held. The organ sounded as old as the church looked, but the sweet intoning of the priest held our attention and we tarried until the benediction was pronounced.

The Château, admirably situated above the town on the promontory commanding the junction of the Loire and the Thouet, was founded by Fulques Nerra in the tenth century, on the site of the Tour du Tronc. But it has been repaired and transformed many times and its appearance at present is that of a monument of the period of transition between the military architecture and that of the Renaissance. After having given shelter to the Governors of Saumur during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was converted into a state prison, under the Revolution, the First Empire and the Restoration.

The deluge of rain prevented a walk on the ramparts, the exterior being the only portions visitors are permitted to inspect. The Château has recently been acquired by the town and with the help of the Administration des Beaux-Arts, its restoration has been undertaken, also a museum installed

within the walls. Formerly, the building consisted of four large wings, but one has entirely disappeared, leaving the central courtyard open to the valley of the Loire.

We had a wet ride to Angers but preferred a soaking rather than enclose the car in curtains and forfeit a view of the dampened landscape. Just below Saumur and almost extending to the Ponts-de-Cé, are the cliff dwellers. These people excavate the hills into wine caves and dwelling-houses, which present a curious aspect. These excavations, the old church of Les Rosiers, dating from the thirteenth century, with its fine Renaissance steeple, and the slate quarries of Tréléze were the only interesting things on the way.

The landscape suggested a Turner, a mist over everything and the delicate shades of green brought out by the heavy rain.

After lunching at the Cheval Blanc at "black" Angers, we went to the Cathedral of Saint Maurice, an interesting Gothic and Romanesque building dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The façade is adorned with carvings of the twelfth century; the stained glass windows are mag-

nificent works of the twelfth, thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the tapestries are of the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The immense organ loft is supported by Caryatides of the sixteenth century and the antique Holy-Water basin at the left of the main entrance, said to have been executed in Byzantium, is of antique green marble supported by two white marble lions.

In the vault beneath the choir are the tombs of King René of Anjou and his wife Jeanne de Laval.

It was Saturday and the church was being decorated for the next day by the nuns who were placing exquiste lace altar-cloths and gold ornaments on the high altar and in each chapel. One feels like an intruder when walking about the churches in France, where, at all hours of the day the people of the towns go to devoutly tell their beads or confess to their priests.

The Bishop's Palace, where next we went, dates from the twelfth century, but has been thoroughly restored by Voillet le Duc in 1862–65 and now forms an admirable example of a mediæval mansion. The back of the building is most interesting and

in the same street are two old, carved timber houses.

At the Logis Berrault, which is now a museum, we could see the sculptures only, as the picture gallery was closed. It is an interesting mansion of the latter portion of the fifteenth century, built by Oliver Berrault, Treasurer of Brittany.

The black-banded Castle is one of the most wonderful buildings of its kind in existence, standing on the site of the primitive palace of the Roman times where the magistrates forming the Curia of Juliomagus met. It is built in a schistous rock overlooking the left bank of the Maine, and its walls, made of the same sombre material prolong the escarpment which serves as a course. Although the tops of its chess-board towers have been removed, its bastions knocked down and its moat partly filled up, its appearance, especially on the river side, is formidable and imposing. Its encircling wall forms an irregular pentagon flanked by seventeen large round towers; at the north angle stands the high tower called Tour du Diable, du Nord or du Moulin.

In the interior is the Chapel, built by Yo-

lande of Aragon in the fifteenth century, and the apartment in which, it is said, King René was born. The Chapel is now used as a shop. Almost in front of the Château is the statue of King René by David d'Angers, the lower pedestal decorated with twelve bronze statuettes of Kings and Queens.

In the crooked narrow streets of Angers are many old houses of stone and wood; the Tour Saint Aubin once formed part of the Abbaye de Saint Aubin, and the buildings altered in the nineteenth century are now used as the Prefecture. The old abbey church of the Ronçeray is closed to the public, but La Trinité, contiguous to it, can be inspected and is most interesting with its curious arches over the nave, winding staircase in wood of the Renaissance period and high altar, ornamented with its bas-reliefs in gilt wood of the sixteenth century. Below the nave, a staircase passes under the choir of the adjacent Ronçeray church, to a small crypt with three naves containing a bronze statue of the Virgin (of the eleventh century), the shrine of a pilgrimage, called Notre Dame de Ronçeray.

Leaving the magpie coloured town of Angers we started towards Nantes, passing Champtocé, where stand the ruins of a fifteenth century château, once the abode of Gilles de Laval, Seigneur de Retz notorious for his excesses and cruelty, also known as "Barbe Bleu" and supposed to be the original of the Blue Beard of the nursery tale. He was executed at Nantes in 1440. The lichen covered ruins are time worn and riddled, but picturesque to a degree.

As we drew near to Nantes the valley of the Loire grew more irregular, the trees have a stunted look and there is not so much vegetation; the people differ very much in their appearance from the Touraine peasants, the Bretons having many characteristics of the Welsh people. Their costumes and head-dresses too are very different from the men and women of Touraine.

On entering Nantes we passed the Cathedral of Saint Pierre, and the beautiful modern fountain, in granite, by Driollet. The marble statue on top of the fountain represents the town of Nantes, the bronze ones the Loire and its principal affluents, the

Sèvre, Erde, Cher, and Loire. After dining, we went to a vaudeville entertainment (?) but left almost as soon as we entered the place, preferring the orchestra at our hotel to the poor entertainment offered at the theatre.

VI

IN BRITTANY

August 22nd. It is noisy in the Place Graslin and we were awakened early by the clang of the trams and boys calling the sale of their newspapers.

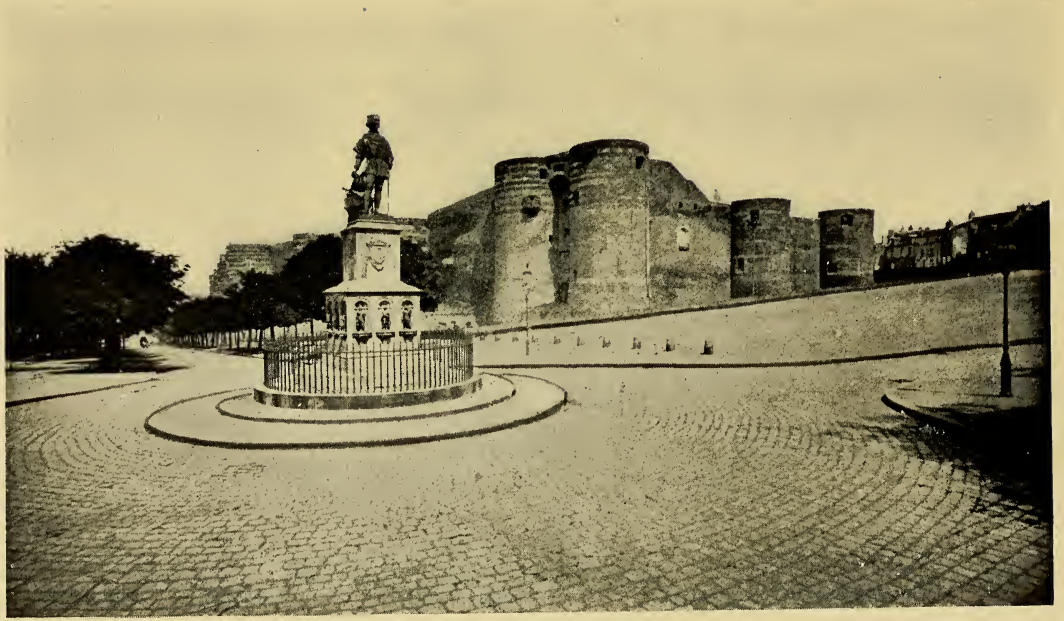
Proceeding to the Castle of Nantes we found a most imposing building, dating mainly from the end of the fifteenth century. It formerly had seven towers, but one of them being used as a powder magazine was blown up in 1800.

From the courtyard one gets a view of the Grand Logis, a Renaissance edifice restored, also the Salle des Gardes. The castle was long used as a state prison, and Cardinal de Retz, Fouquet and the Duchess de Berri, the mother of Count Chambord, were confined there. The Duchess was arrested at number 3 Rue Mathelin-Rodin, after lying concealed for the best part of a day in a small recess behind a chimney on the third floor. Sixteen hours she remained in hiding

and would never have been found, if the gendarmes had not lighted that famous blaze. Again and again her dress caught fire against the hot iron plate, to be put out by the Duchess, then the smoke of newspapers, added to the fire to prevent its dying, began to suffocate her, it was certain death if she stayed, so weeping tears of rage that dried upon her cheeks blistered by the heat, she revealed herself to the gendarmes.

In the Castle of Nantes one of the ceremonies of the marriage of Anne of Brittany and Charles Eighth of France was solemnized, in 1491, thus uniting the Duchy of Brittany with the crown of France.

To Nantes Carrier was sent to suppress the rebellion. The monster went far beyond his instructions however, and ordered the execution, without trial of all who had been imprisoned, and, finding that the executioner's axe, and the fusillading of hundreds at a time were too inexpeditious modes of accomplishing his cruel commands, invented the *Noyades*, or drownings *en masse*, which were effected by scuttling barges filled with prisoners bound together. But at last he



Statue of King René and the Château d'Angers

Vannes

himself was denounced, recalled and sent to the guillotine.

Nantes is filled with numerous bridges over the Loire and the Erde. It is one of the most flourishing commercial and industrial towns of France, and with regard to its population ranks seventh in the country. Fine houses of the eighteenth century line its quays.

In the Cathedral is the tomb of François Second, last Duke of Brittany and his wife Marguerite de Foix, a very elaborate work in the Renaissance style by Michel Collombe, the designer of the beautiful fountain at Tours. The figure of Justice at the right-hand corner is a portrait of Anne of Brittany, daughter of the deceased, who erected this monument in their honour.

The Cathedral is beautiful without and within, the lofty nave producing a very imposing effect. Under the organ are high reliefs and statues of the fifteenth century, representing scenes from the lives of the early Patriarchs, and Bishops and a Duke of Brittany. Some of the windows contain ancient stained glass, but there is little, aside from the tomb of the parents of Anne

of Brittany and that of Lamoricière, a native of Nantes, to claim attention.

In the Place Louis Seize is a column ninety feet high, surmounted by a statue of Louis Sixteenth. The Jardin des Plantes is handsomely laid out as a public promenade with an elaborate arrangement of lakes, waterfalls, rocks and grottoes, besides fine groves and avenues of magnolias.

From Nantes to Vannes was a glorious ride; a few clouds scudded across a deep blue sky, and the little streams, swollen by the rain of yesterday, danced through the verdant fields which were studded with wild flowers.

At every small village the men and women were garbed in their best costumes, and each place differed a little in the style of the head-dresses of both sexes. There seemed to be fairs at a number of the villages and the peasants all in a merry mood were either walking in groups or riding in pairs in two-wheeled carts.

At the hotel at Vannes we were made so welcome that we regretted that we could remain for luncheon only. Our coffee was served to us at a small table on the sidewalk

in front of the hotel. While sitting there, a dog stopped in front of me and I threw him a lump of sugar, which he sniffed and left, and as I glanced again I saw a little old woman stoop to get it. When she saw me looking she smiled in an apologetic sort of way and asked if she might have it. Needless to say I emptied the entire contents of the sugar bowl into her hands, much to the disgust of the waiter, but her smile and courtesy and the look of gratitude in her eyes will ever be remembered.

In Brittany, one sees and marvels at the wondrous faces of the women, the pure, sweet modest countenances of the girls, expressions even the older ones seem to retain. There are holy brightnesses in their eyes, and on their lips, those doors to the borders of which the soul alone can come from which it looks out and all but shows itself. Goodness, kindness, as well as a cloistral spirituality radiate from their faces. The women are noted for their faithfulness; husbands and lovers are away fishing for months and sometimes a year, but the wives and sweethearts look at no other men; their spare time is spent in the churches

praying for the safe return of their loved ones. There in the churches one sees them on bended knees, their market baskets beside them. I think they never pass a house of prayer without entering, and in Brittany the churches are legion, each small village having several.

The country is poor and the houses of the peasants and fishermen are for the most part small and one storied with steep, thatched roofs, the windows (often without glass) are small, few in number and not infrequently lacking in the poorest houses. Among the better class of farmers there are more pretentious homes, but even in such a house we find striking evidence of the simple life led by these people.

Vannes is the capital of the Department, and the seat of a Bishop. Through the narrow streets of the not especially picturesque town we went to the cathedral, which is very disappointing with its many styles of architecture. The church never very fine, has, by many changes, lost much of its original character and interest. In the north transept is the tomb of Saint Vincent Ferrier, and above it is his bust in silver. He

was born at Valence in 1357, and in 1374 entered his novitiate among the Dominicans. He was sent to Barcelona and Lerida to give lessons in philosophy, but abandoned the same and devoted himself to preaching, and rambled through Spain, Italy, England, Scotland and Ireland as a revivalist preacher, but as in such countries he was only partially understood, the effect of his sermons was lost. He spent two years in Brittany where he cannot have been of any use, as the peasants could not understand French. He died at Vannes on the fifth of April, 1419, but the Pardon is on the first Sunday in September. We were unfortunate in being just too early or just too late for the Pardon in each place we visited. The Pardons are the religious gatherings of the people, not often in the towns, but about some chapel on an island, on a hill or in a wood. There may be seen the costumes in all their holiday beauty. We were told that almost every Pardon has a character of its own, and a description of one would by no means cover all.

Along a gently rolling road we reached Auray, where we left our luggage at the ho-

tel and continued on to Locmariaquer, a small seaport on the Bay of Morbihan, all indigo blue, dotted with white caps. Here we motored about the neighbourhood and saw the most remarkable megalithic monuments, the chief one being the Manè-Lud into which we entered and saw queer inscriptions carved on the walls, the Men-er-Hroeck, a menhir originally seventy feet high, but now overthrown and broken, and the two dolmans known as the Dol-ar-Marc'-hadouiren and the Mané Rutual. These dolmens and menhirs are on the way to Carnac, which is celebrated for its ancient remains. The seventeenth century church, dedicated to Saint Cornély, patron of horned cattle, has a curious porch, and close by is the fountain of Saint Cornély. A "gal gal" or tumulus sixty-five feet high and two hundred and sixty feet in diameter, consisting chiefly of stone heaped upon a column is called Mont Saint Michel, and from the top we had a perfect view of the "Lines" of Carnac.

These famous alignments are at the north of the village on the road to Auray, and consist of three principal groups, containing

hundreds of standing stones (it is said that originally there were from twelve to fifteen thousand) arranged on the moor in the form of a quincunx and forming nine or ten avenues. Some of these stones are fully thirteen feet high and are estimated to weigh at least forty or fifty tons. These dolmens were the sepulchres, family or tribal, and the alignments consist of stones erected by members of the tribe, or families belonging to the tribe, in honour of the several dead who were laid in the dolmens. Isolated menhirs were either memorials to the dead, or boundary marks between tribal lands and all dolmens were originally buried under cairns or tumuli. When we stopped, several children ran eagerly about the automobile saying "speak English," or "a pennee," but we soon discovered that those words were *all* the English they knew.

Returning to Auray we went to the church of Saint Anne, of which the following story is related. In 1623 a peasant dug up an image, probably one of the Deæ Matres of Gallo-Roman times so common in Brittany, at a place called Ker-Anna. He jumped to the conclusion that it repre-

sented the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. The Carmelites hearing of it resolved to build a convent and church on the spot, which they did in 1645, where pilgrimages would be made, thereby starting quite a paying proposition. In front of the church is the Sancta Scala, copied from that at Rome, and indulgenced with nine years for every step ascended by pilgrims on their knees, but apart from this the church is too modern to be of any special interest. In the "Close" are numerous stalls where the picturesquely costumed women sell candles, small images, rosaries and post-cards. Near the church is a bronze statue of the Count of Chambord.

Old houses at Morlaix

The bridge at Auray

VII

FROM AURAY TO QUIMPER

August 23d. Market day in Auray is most entertaining. Early one hears the rumble of the two-wheeled carts and the clatter of the *sabots*, then the chatter of the peasants as they display their wares. Some of the women had only two pats of butter, others a pair of chickens, others a few vegetables, others a dozen or two of eggs and others a piece of homespun cloth. The buyers would go from one seller to another, tasting the butter and examining the chickens, not purchasing until they thought they had found the very best in the market, then clatter away smiling at their success.

A shop opposite the market contained some handsome carved wood furniture at most moderate prices.

On a hill behind the hotel we ascended a tower getting a beautiful view of Auray and the surrounding country.

At Lorient, a most uninteresting place,

we lunched and hurried on to Quimperlé, a most charmingly situated town at the junction of the Elle and Isore. Up steep streets, some ascended by steps, we found the church of Saint Michel which stands boldly out on the summit of the hill on the right-hand side of the river Laïta, sustained on massive substructures. It contains one exquisite window of the Flamboyant style, and the north porch is superb. Against the west end of the church houses are built, and inquiry revealed that the edifice had never had a western entrance as is customary in other churches.

In the lower town is the church of Saint Croix, circular and Romanesque; the Lady Chapel is in the centre of the church, at the top of a dozen steps, and beneath it is the crypt. Against the west wall is plastered a fine Renaissance rood-screen.

It is a short distance from Quimperlé to Quimper, and we were fortunate to reach the latter place just in advance of a heavy shower.

This beautiful town is situated at the juncture of the Stier and Odet rivers, at about a distance of fifteen miles from the

sea, and has a small port. It is a bright and thriving city, the seat of a bishop and of the manufacture of the Breton faïence, a pretty ware copied from the old Rouen pottery, but with original developments.

Our room in the hotel faced on the charming esplanade by the side of the river Odet, and across the river, on the other esplanade, a travelling circus afforded us much amusement, as the rain did not dampen the ardour of the acrobats, nor the visitors' enthusiasm over the carrousel, to whose wheezing tunes we were lulled to sleep.

VIII

FROM QUIMPER TO BREST AND MORLAIX

August 24th. The great glory of Quimper is the Cathedral of Saint Corentin one of the finest Gothic edifices in Brittany. The portals are richly sculptured, and we had ample time to study them, as we had tire trouble just in front of the church. The twin spires are imposing and beautiful. The interior is most peculiar as the choir leans considerably to the left, and the junction with the transepts is awkwardly effected. The Lady Chapel is in the purest geometrical style, and the clerestory windows are filled with beautiful old glass representing saints, but the modern glass is detestable. We tried, unsuccessfully, to find the crucifix, that our guide-book told us was in the third chapel on the north aisle and which was supposed to have emitted drops of blood when a man perjured himself before it. The high altar is a gorgeous affair of gilded bronze adorned with statuettes and high-reliefs.

The museum contains a large group of lay-figures dressed in the various costumes of Brittany and an admirable collection of paintings, many of them by Breton artists.

At Landerneau we crossed the mediæval bridge which spans the Elorn, the valley of which presents many scenes of considerable beauty. The rocks are of white quartz breaking through the leafy coverts of the hills and on its banks is a quaint old mill. The town possesses a few old houses and the church of Saint Houarden which has a beautiful tower and a superb porch. There is also a church dedicated to Thomas à Becket. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Landerneau was a great artistic centre, and its architects and sculptures are responsible for the splendid works in the region around the Elorn valley.

The ride to Brest was made most disagreeable by the presence of rain and fog, and on arriving there we could see little of the fine harbour, and its five lighthouses.

Slowly we crossed by ferry to Plougastel, a village noted for the picturesque costumes of its people. Of course we saw none of them for the weather was far too inclement

for the peasants to be out of doors, and those who were obliged to be in the streets were clad most plainly. Up a steep muddy hill we found the churchyard, in which is a most marvellous Calvary consisting of an arcade under a platform crowded with statues and surrounded by a frieze, carved with subjects in bas-relief. The modern church was so cold and dark that we remained there but a few minutes before continuing our journey to Morlaix.

The fog had lifted, so the drive was a very beautiful one. Just beyond Plougastel we struck upon an elevated open stretch of road with wide prospects; below us the silvery Elorn wound its gleaming way between its mossy banks to the sea; and over the river, through the mist, we could just glimpse the dim outlines of the opposite hills. Gradually we dipped down and crossing the river followed along the sweet valley of the Elorn, twisting and turning, until the viaduct that spans and dwarfs Morlaix was reached.

IX

ALONG THE COAST TO DINARD

August 25th. A soft, sweet, balmy morning beckoned us forth to investigate queer old Morlaix, whose quaint mediæval houses are tucked away in the narrow streets, at picturesque angles, leaning towards one another as for protection. Most of them have interior courts, with galleries about them, the newels of the stairs effectively carved. The house of the Duchess Anne of Brittany, built in 1500, is in the Rue des Nobles, and near the Place Thiers is the church of Saint Melaine, with its beautiful carvings on the fonts, organ case and vaulting, dating chiefly from the fifteenth century.

In the Rue des Fontaines are two Holy Wells and at Notre Dame des Fontaines, according to legend, a disciple of Joseph of Arimathea, preached and set up an image of the Blessed Virgin.

Through an uncultivated wild country, along a deep ravine we sped to Guingamp,

a pleasantly situated town in green surroundings, with the little river Trieux flowing through it. The most interesting feature of the town is the church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, which is indebted to a miraculous image for the lavish expenditure upon it. The image stands in the north porch, has been accorded a gold crown by the Pope and been profusely indulgenced. The church was formerly the chapel of the Counts of Penthièvre. Its interior is most interesting, the vaulting of the choir being supported by flying buttresses within the church. The transepts are lighted by rose windows of the fourteenth century, but the other windows are filled with modern glass overloaded with colour. There are very quaint houses here too, the one next the church once belonged to the Duchess d'Amboise.

At Saint Brieuc we lunched, then walked to the Croix de Santé to view the picturesque ravine of the Gouët and the Bay of Saint Brieuc. Returning through the ill-built, irregular streets flanked with old houses of carved wood and plaster, we visited the Cathedral, a low, unattractive looking edifice. Though disappointing ex-

teriorly it has dignity within, and contains the tomb of Saint William, Bishop of Brieuc, an amiable, harmless man, very considerate of the poor and suffering. He was elected bishop in 1220, but soon quarreled with Pierre Mauclerc, Duke of Brittany, who drove him from his See, and obliged him to take refuge at Poitiers. In 1230, he returned to his diocese and at once began rebuilding his Cathedral. The chapel and fountain of Saint Brieuc are Flamboyant in style and very beautiful.

On the way to Dinard we stopped at Lamballe, another picturesque town lying on a hill, crowned by the church of Notre Dame. This interesting and handsome building is of the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, and was originally the chapel of the castle of the Dukes of Penthièvre which was destroyed by Cardinal Richelieu in 1626. Princess Lamballe, the devoted, unfortunate favourite of Marie Antoinette, was the widow of the last Duke of Penthièvre.

We reached Dinard at four o'clock, and had a delightful walk along the Grève de l'Ecluse. The sky was cloudless, and the sea a cerulean blue. The shore was lined

with bath-chairs, and huge umbrellas of various colours, under which the children played in the sand. At the Casino we had tea to the strains of an Hungarian orchestra.

After dinner we had another walk along the shore, and the main avenue, where such beautiful jewellery was displayed in the smallest of shops, also ivories and other fascinating articles, to tempt one to loosen the purse strings. At the Casino we indulged in "La Boule," and under the tutelage of a friendly Englishman we came away winners of several francs. His system worked very well that evening, but another time was most disastrous to our exchecquer.

X

DINARD, SAINT MALO, MONT SAINT MICHEL AND AVRANCHES

August 26th. Next morning before going to Saint Malo we visited the scanty remains of the priory, founded in 1324. The chapel, which is in ruins, contains a colossal statue of the Virgin and Child of the fifteenth century. The old house, traditionally supposed to have once been occupied by the Black Prince, has a couple of picturesque towers with conical roofs and gables.

The ferry took us across to Saint Malo. It was a small craft, and we were much worried for fear the automobile would go overboard, as the ferry was crowded with motors and did not look equal to her burden.

After a safe landing, we climbed the narrow, tortuous streets and took the walk along the ramparts to see the curious appearance of the town, and the view of the bay, which is dotted with fortified islets,

one of which contains the simple tomb of Chateaubriand.

Anxious to spend most of our day at Mont Saint Michel, we hurried away along the coast.

The Mont Saint Michel is fair to see, way out in the water at the end of a long causeway, its spire thrown aloft in the blue sky five hundred feet.

After lunching at the famous restaurant of Poulard Aîné, where we had one of the celebrated omelettes and roasted chicken, which we were permitted to see cooking in the enormous fire-place, we began to climb; first to the museum, a miniature Madame Tussaud's with more or less interesting scenes from the history of the Mont, then to the Abbey.

It was founded in 709 by Saint Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, in obedience to the commands of the Archangel Michel, who appeared to him in a vision. Previous to that the rock had been a pagan sanctuary, known as Mons Tumba. The monks were protected by Rollo and the succeeding rulers of Normandy, and in 1066 they sent six ships to assist William in the conquest of

England. Pilgrims resorted to the Mont in great numbers and their pious gifts greatly enriched the monastery. Learning flourished there and in the twelfth century the Abbey was known as the "City of Books," having such a collection of manuscripts. In 1203 it was burned by Philip Augustus but afterwards when he became ruler of Normandy he rebuilt it. The Mont successfully defied Henry Fifth of England. Abuses and disorders prevailing among the Benedictine monks, they were replaced by the brethren of the order of Saint Maur, who remained until the Revolution. It was then converted into a prison, but later restored to its religious uses under the Bishop of Avranches. It now belongs to the state, at whose expense it is being restored.

Up the Abbot's Staircase we ascended to the church, the Gothic spire of which is crowned by the bronze statue of Saint Michel. From the terrace known as Saut Gautier, named for a prisoner who attempted to escape in the thirteenth century, the view from the platform extends over the coast of Normandy and Brittany.

The adjoining church is being restored,

consequently looks quite new in colouring, but the architecture assures us to the contrary. Above the church the outer gallery and the top of the tower are reached by means of the "staircase of lace." At present one is not allowed on the staircase, but it may be seen from an adjacent doorway.

On leaving the church we went to La Merveille, a huge building abutting against the rock on the north, on a level with the third story. Its exquisite proportions together with its marvellous beauty and sublime grandeur of the exterior have rendered it "the finest monument of architecture in the whole world." The Cloister is the most beautiful portion of the building. There are two hundred and twenty columns, one hundred engaged in the walls and the others arranged in double arcades, with graceful vaults, and delicate carvings which fill the spandrels of the arches. The employment of rose granite greatly enhances the effect, and it is almost impossible to imagine any creation of stone more delicate than the exquisite carvings and beautiful frieze.

Adjacent is the Refectory, once used as a dormitory by the monks, and then divided

into two stories. The pulpit still remains where one monk read aloud while the others ate.

Beneath the Cloister is the Salle des Chevaliers, an admirable specimen of thirteenth century architecture, with depressed vaulting and a triple row of beautifully wrought columns. It also contains two enormous fire-places with canopies.

The Crypte des Gros Piliers is beneath the choir, and was formerly used as a chapel. Its massive yet graceful pillars support the choir above.

The Almonry, where the monks received and assisted the poor, is another immense room divided into two naves by six massive pillars.

The Promenoir is a double gallery with four columns about ninety-seven feet in length, at the end of the Promenoir is a gallery containing one of the cages constructed by the order of Louis Eleventh and in which the unfortunate Dubourg was imprisoned.

The cells of Mont Saint Michel bear witness to the barbarity of former ages and it was no surprise to be told that only one

prisoner ever escaped alive. This was a man Colombat, an artist, who fled by means of a subterranean passage leading to the grèves.

The walk along the ramparts was most enjoyable after coming from those cold lofty apartments, where, in some places the wall had been removed and then bricked up again, setting us to wondering if some poor wretch had been immured there and if his skeleton would be found, were the bricks removed.

The afternoon was drawing to a close and everything was bathed in rose-coloured light. The tree trunks seemed to be wrapped in cloth of gold. Past stone cottages, solid and old, with queer little windows and high brick walls we drove into Avranches. The courtyard, with its pretty rose garden, at the Grand Hôtel de France looked very inviting, and the spacious room assigned us a restful spot in which to rest our weary bodies.

After dinner we walked to a street overlooking the Bay, and had a glorious view of the Mont, and the old ruined towers by moonlight.

XI

FROM OLD AVRANCHES TO MODERN TROUVILLE

August 27th. Avranches is one of the oldest towns of Normandy, it has a beautiful situation on a hill on the left bank of the Sée, and commands an exquisite and justly famed view of the Bay of Saint Michel.

From the Jardin des Plantes the Mont can be clearly seen. It is admirably described by Mrs. Macquoid in her work "Through Normandy."

"On the right is the extensive valley of the Sée, a bright river winding and twisting in and out among the trees that border it closely; the sides of the valley are chiefly wooded, but here and there are glimpses of cornfield and meadow, and beyond is the sea with a distant line of coast; to the left is the valley of the Sélune, which takes a straighter course through a rich extent of hilly wooded country, that melts finally

into the blue hills of Brittany. But it is the centre of the picture that fixes the attention—the Bay of Saint Michel; the right bank of the Sée stretches out, making a dark line between the glittering, treacherous sand and the almost empty mouth of the river, with its curves and stretches of wet and dry land; and rising from the brilliant line of light on the grèves is the fortress-convent, as weird and phantom-like as ever in its distinct mistiness."

Opposite the Jardin des Plantes is the principal church of the town, Notre Dame des Champs, a handsome modern structure, containing fine stained windows.

The Hôtel de Ville contains the public library and has many valuable books and manuscripts from Mont Saint Michel, amongst which the famous treatise "Sic et Non" by Abelard was discovered.

At one time Avranches possessed a beautiful Norman-Gothic cathedral but this was destroyed in 1790, and only a few shapeless ruins in front of the Sous-Prefecture are left to recall it. Near by is a broken column surrounded by posts and chains, indicating the spot where Henry Second of England

did humble penance in 1172 for the murder of Thomas à Becket.

In the Market Square, people were selling their provisions, and happily chatting to one another.

On the way to Caen, we passed many Calvarys set among the trees on the roadside, some of them very primitive, and others most modern and too gorgeously painted.

Soon the towers of Saint Etienne appeared on the horizon and we dipped down into the town of Caen.

Caen first arose to importance under William the Conqueror, who had built the Castle and two Abbeys, whose beautiful churches are still the chief ornaments of the town. It suffered much in the religious wars of France and was well-nigh ruined by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. From this town Charlotte Corday who was born in the neighbourhood, set out to assassinate Marat. Auber, the composer, and Malherbe, the poet, were natives of Caen, and Beau Brummel lies buried in the Protestant cemetery.

After visiting Saint Sauveur, which con-

sists of two old churches placed side by side forming an immense nave, with fine old stained glass, a handsome belfry and an apse, richly decorated, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we went to Saint Etienne, or the Abbaye-aux-hommes, founded by William the Conqueror at the same time that La Trinité was begun by his wife, Matilda, as an expiation of the sin they had committed by the irregularity of their marriage—they were cousins-german.

The exterior view of Saint Etienne is very unsatisfactory, it is so hemmed in by the buildings about it. In front of the high altar a black marble slab marks the burial place of William the Conqueror, but it is doubtful if any part of him lies buried there. One authority says his thigh bone is all that has been left after the various destructions of the tomb, but another avers that there remains absolutely nothing of the Conqueror there.

The church is distinguished by its dignified simplicity, the sacristy is an interesting specimen of architecture, and in it is an ancient portrait of the founder of the church. A beautiful carved clock case, the choir

stalls, pulpit and organ case supported by colossal figures are all worthy of much study.

All along the streets of Caen are quaint houses, their fronts filled with wood carving. In the Rue Saint Jean, number 148, is the house of Charlotte Corday and at number 20 is the Hôtel de Than of the sixteenth century.

The chief church of Caen and architecturally the most perfect is that of Saint Pierre; it is a most interesting example of Gothic architecture. The chapels were added during the Renaissance period, and are elaborately decorated. The general impression of the interior is one of great harmony. The quaint capitals of the massive pillars in the nave are carved with a curious miscellany of sacred, profane and grotesque figures, rabbits, a unicorn, and a pelican, with subjects from old romances—Launcelot du Lac crossing the lake sword in hand, Aristotle on all fours ridden like a horse, and Hippocrates in mid-air in a basket.

The end of the nave centres on a single pillar, the usual termination being one on on each side. The graceful apse, with its five chapels, is the masterpiece of Hector

Sohier, a native of Caen. The carvings on the pulpit and organ case, the vestry doors and the beautiful high altar merit much attention.

On the south side of the church is a porch at which criminals, condemned to death, stooped to make the "*amends honorable*," taper in hand and on their knees. The exterior, with its spire and tower and flying buttresses, is most beautiful.

Opposite the tower of Saint Pierre is the Exchange, formerly the Hôtel Valois, another picturesque sixteenth century building. It is chiefly remarkable for its handsome winding staircase, and cupola, and the beautifully carved statues, David with the head of Goliath, and Judith with that of Holofernes; also a fine dormer window in the middle of the building.

The church of La Trinité is in the form of a cross and is smaller than Saint Etienne. With the exception of one chapel, it is Norman-Romanesque. Two square towers rise on the west façade and another from the transept. All these were deprived of their spires, but in the eighteenth century were provided with balustrades.

The interior has small galleries surmounting the aisles. Formerly when the nuns inhabited the Abbaye, one was allowed to view the tomb of the foundress only through a grating of the Lady Chapel, but since the state drove out the nuns, those women who had devoted their lives to the service of the church and the duties of the adjoining hospital, one can buy tickets, go into the choir and stand beside the burial place of the Queen of the Conqueror. Cecily, the oldest daughter of William and Matilda was Abbess once, and the bones of the Queen were collected and placed in the vault by the Abbess de Montmorency. Four tombs have been erected over the grave of Matilda who died in 1083. Below the choir is the interesting crypt. Behind the hospital is an extensive park which commands attractive views, and where we would have much preferred seeing the nuns walking instead of the gaily uniformed gendarmes.

About half a mile, along the Rue Basse, we went to see the Manoir des Gendarmes; a picturesque ruined edifice of the fifteenth century, built by Gérard de Nollent. It is crowned with battlements and on the roof

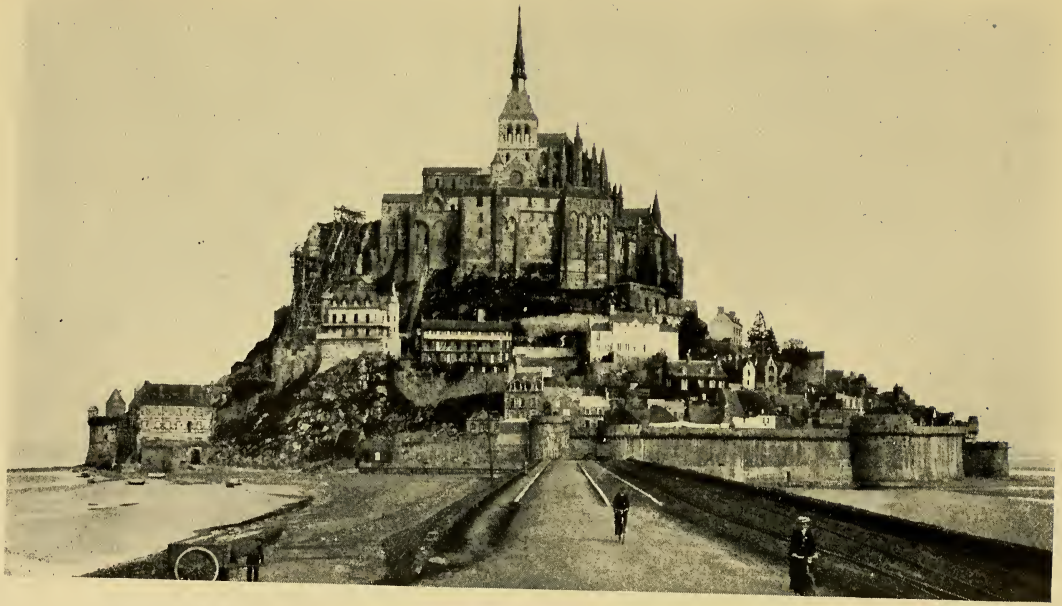
are two figures of armed men carved in stone, whence the name, and the outside walls are sculptured with coats of arms and medallions.

The Castle of Caen, begun by William the Conqueror and finished by Henry First, is is now used as a barracks. It has been altered so many times that it presents few points of interest.

On the way from sleepy, old-world Caen to intensely modern Trouville is the curious old Inn of William the Conqueror, at Dives. Dives-sur-Mer is where the conqueror set sail for England in 1066. A column on a neighbouring height commemorates the event, and the names of his companions are inscribed inside the porch of the church founded by Robert the Devil. It was almost destroyed by Edward Third. The Inn contains a museum of curiosities and the old Market Hall nearby, built of timber, has a most beautiful roof.

At Houlgate the fashionables were playing tennis, driving and motoring, and the villas with their shady gardens were most inviting looking.

Deauville, with its broad straight streets, is the Newport of France. There are beau-



Mont Saint Michel

Terrace of the Casino at Trouville

tiful houses and villas, and it offers in its comparative tranquillity a contrast to its more animated sister Trouville. It has a race-course, a golf club and polo grounds, a fine beach and handsome casino. The "terrace," which is a mile in length, is lined with artistic villas, belonging to wealthy Parisians and Americans.

At Trouville we rested for the night at the Hôtel Bellevue, a pretty white building, its windows filled with boxes containing pink geraniums.

Trouville is the fashionable watering-place of northern France. The painter Isabey, and the writings of Dumas, first drew the Parisians to the charming little fishing village, making it the rendezvous of the wealthy and brilliant society folk.

On the beach front are long drawn out rows of huge hotels, fine shops and a magnificent casino. At the latter place we spent the evening, where first there was a concert and then a ball. At the tables we tried the system we had been taught at Dinard, with disastrous result. The few francs we had won at the latter place and several extra ones were raked in by the silent croupier.

XII

PONT AUDEMER AND ROUEN

August 28th. Before leaving Trouville we walked out on one of the quays to look back at the town. Viewed from there it is altogether charming; wooded cliffs dotted with picturesque villas afford a pleasant background to the ever varying kaleidoscope of the promenade and beach.

There are two churches, Notre Dame de Bon-Secours near the casino, and Notre Dame des Victoires in the Rue Tostain facing the harbour. The latter has a marble altar from the ruins of Pompeii, and the former some good modern glass and a fine pulpit.

Along a pastoral land we sped to Pont Audemer, a small industrial village picturesquely situated on the river Rille. There we visited the church of Saint Ouen, one of the most beautiful in Normandy. The greater portion of the building belongs to the sixth century, the choir dating from the

eleventh. The chapel of the baptistry has a charming balcony and the exquisite windows are of the Renaissance period, those in the chapel of Saint Catherine being the most beautiful.

The church of Saint Germain has a beautiful window of the fifteenth century. The building was begun in the eleventh, and the tower with its fine double windows dates from the thirteenth century. An ox's head carved on the north wall is said to commemorate an incident connected with the building of the church.

The ruins of the church of Saint Sepulcre are in a narrow side street; its walls are hung with ivy, and flowering vines are draped on the broken arches.

Every spot of land about this district is cultivated. As we approached Rouen the landscape became more truly Norman. Deep thatches overhang the ochre walls of the cottages which are covered in rose vines or espaliered with pear trees.

The magnificent ruined Abbey of Saint Georges-de-Boscherville, dating from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries sits aloft on the hillside, passing which we

descended on the mediæval town of Rouen.

A brief visit to the Musée des Beaux Arts to see Gerhard David's "Virgin of the Grapes," the gem of the collection; then to the Cathedral, which, as we see to-day, was begun very early in the thirteenth century, after the older building had been almost entirely destroyed by fire in the year 1200.

It is one of the grandest Gothic edifices in Normandy, but most unsymmetrical in plan. The façade, whose towers are of unequal height, is of the sixteenth century and most profusely decorated. The Tour de Beurre, which is the loftier, derives its name from having been erected with money paid for indulgences to eat butter during Lent. The appearance of the Cathedral as a whole suffers from the admixture of styles; but the intrinsic beauty of its parts such as the west front, the towers, transept doors, decorated windows, and the clustered arches in the nave is remarkable.

The tombs in the Lady Chapel all belong to the sixteenth century; the mausoleum of the Cardinals d'Amboise being the finest.

Behind the figures of the kneeling Cardinals is a bas-relief of Saint George and the dragon, and statues of Christ, the Virgin, and six saints. In the little niches at the base of the tomb are exquisite figures of little hooded mourners, bowed in grief. Opposite is the tomb of Louis de Brézé, Seneschal of Normandy, erected by his wife, the well-known Diane de Poitiers. It is a Renaissance construction attributed to Jean Cousin and Jean Goujon.

On the south side of the nave is the tomb of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, and on the opposite side in the corresponding chapel lies his son, William of the Long Sword.

Beneath the huge lime-stone figure of Richard Cœur de Lion is interred his heart, and buried on the opposite side of the choir, is his brother Richard Curtmantle, over whose resting place is a modern recumbent figure.

"Above the pillars and arches of the nave runs another line of both in place of a triforium; above this again are two galleries one above the other; and higher yet are five horizontal divisions in the walls of the nave,

which has no parallel in England." (Winkler's "French Cathedrals").

The beautiful stained glass is mostly of the thirteenth century. The altar-piece, an Adoration of the Shepherds, is by Philip de Champaigne.

The Archbishop's Palace is an extensive pile immediately behind the Cathedral.

Going out by the Portail des Libraires, so called from the bookstalls that once occupied the court, we crossed the Rue de la République to the church of Saint Maclou, a rich example of the florid Gothic style of the fifteenth century, and one of the most perfect specimens of the Flamboyant style in Normandy. The celebrated carved doors and the exquisite organ staircase are its greatest treasures. It is a small church, about half the size of Saint Ouen, but its proportions are extremely beautiful and the west front a marvel in plan, construction and ornamentation.

Next to the Cathedral in importance, and exceeding it in interest from an artistic standpoint is the Abbey church of Saint Ouen. The tower is an exquisite fairy-like gem of architecture. The interior, of an

immense size, about four hundred feet long, eighty feet wide, and one hundred feet high, is an almost perfect specimen of the Decorated and Flamboyant styles. The triforium is of glass; the clerestory is immensely large and lofty and the number of windows throughout containing beautiful coloured glass add much to the sublime effect of the whole. On entering the Portail des Marmousets, so-called from the heads with which it is adorned, one seems to see nothing but this magnificent glass. The tower over the transept is surmounted by an octagonal open-work lantern terminating in a gallery, called the "Crown of Normandy."

In the donjon of the Tour Jeanne d'Arc the Maid was imprisoned in 1431. The tower as it is at present was restored about thirty years ago, but the work was done so carefully that much of the original masonry was preserved and its appearance must be much the same as it was seven hundred years ago. Beneath the turret a wooden boarding projects. This formed a platform from which the defenders of the Tower hurled stones and other missiles down on to the heads of besiegers. Jeanne was burnt

in the Market Place at the foot of the Rue de la Grosse Horologe, and there a tablet marks her memory. It was hung with palms and faded flowers.

The Place de la Pucelle, where Jeanne d'Arc stands (a paltry figure over a fountain) is opposite the Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde. This building is now a bank, but the court is open to the public. It was in this courtyard that the famous meeting of the Kings of England and France on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" in 1520, is commemorated in a series of carved stone panels beneath the roof of the wing on the left-hand side of the entrance. There are five in all. Henry is shown on the left and Francis on the right, the centre panel representing the actual meeting of the monarchs attended by their respective retainers. Cardinal Wolsey riding on a mule is on the second one. They are protected from the weather by a hood, for they are badly worn, and were it not for the printed explanation affixed to the wall the second and third panels would be almost unintelligible. The plaster casts of these panels in the Musée Department d'Antiquités should certainly be seen.

Above the windows, carved in the stone are a series of pictures illustrating a very different subject. They represent in allegory ideas suggested by Petrarch's Triumphs. They, too, are much worn.

The house is a beautiful one of the style between the Gothic and Renaissance. On the inside of the entrance gates the carved medallions of Henry Eighth and Francis First are wonderfully preserved.

The Palace of Justice, a magnificent building of the latest Flamboyant Gothic resembles the handsome town halls in Belgium. In the left wing is the Salle des Procureurs, a spacious hall with a timber roof. The central part of the Palace erected for the supreme tribunal of Normandy, is where the assizes are held. This hall is lavishly decorated, the fine cassetted ceiling is in carved wood. The façade of the building is also richly ornamented.

In the Rue de la Grosse Horologe is the old clock and belfry and a gateway dating from 1529. Its vault and sides are beautifully carved and beside it is the fountain representing the myth of Arethusa, the nymph, and Alpheus.

The house of Diane de Poitiers used to be in the little open space near by in which is the Tour Saint Andre. Corneille was born at Rouen and his dwelling-place is now public property, situated at Petit Couronne.

The church of Saint Gervais contains the oldest crypt in France, also the tombs of the earlier Bishops of Rouen, Saint Mellon and Saint Avetien. In the wood work of the choir is a cunningly devised door; this the sacristan unlocks and through it admits you to the crypt; he also provides you with a lighted candle and by its rays you descend a long winding staircase. The crypt is dedicated to Saint Gervais and it was in the Abbey of that name, possibly above this very place, that William the Conqueror breathed his last. The walls show distinct signs of Roman building, which is the only trace in Rouen of the Roman occupation, except some tombs, coins and mosaics found in the Département and preserved in the Museum of Antiquities.

The old houses in Rouen were the quaintest we had seen and it seems a pity others have been destroyed to make way for the unpicturesque boulevards and tram lines.

XIII

ROUEN TO PARIS VIA DREUX AND CHARTRES

August 29th. The windings of the Seine led us to Les Andelys through well-kept villages, along highways with chalky hillsides, and by-ways choked with wild flowers. On the steep, breezy heights above Le Petit Andeleys rise the ruins of the Château Gaillard. This "Saucy Castle" was built by Richard Cœur de Lion, and few ruins leave a more vivid impression on the mind than this fortress château, fitting into the landscape in a manner as does no other mediæval donjon of France except that of Chinon. Its defences extend to the edge of the precipice descending abruptly to the Seine. It is a rag of a ruin but the thickness of its walls show what an impregnable stronghold it must have been. Philip Augustus succeeded in capturing the fort only after a siege of five months. Margaret of Burgundy, the youthful wife of Louis Tenth, was held here probably in one of the

caverns in the side of the second *Fosse* and strangled with her own hair by order of her suspicious husband. The donjon is still in a fair state of preservation.

Looking down from the Castle the view of the Seine, dotted with its wooded islets, is superb. The little town tucked in at the foot of these fallen ramparts is grouped about the grey old church of Saint Sauveur, a structure dating possibly from the end of the twelfth century. It is in the form of a Greek cross without galleries in the nave or transepts, interiorly rather bare but beautifully proportioned and with so close an arrangement of pillars as to enable the eye to take in the beauty of the whole building at a single glance, the choir with its triforium of twin arcades, the lancet windows of the beautiful Lady Chapel and the fifteenth century wall paintings. At Grand Andeleys the beauties of Notre Dame are numerous; the glass windows in the south aisle are particularly noticeable, also those in the south clerestory of the nave, and the three large rose windows. The Renaissance organ case, with its fourteen panels representing the Christian arts, virtues and sciences and

The spot where Jeanne d'Arc was burned

View of Chartres and its Cathedral

mythological characters is a curiosity in itself. The stalls of the choir are quaintly carved, the great altar is of bronze, and in the southwest chapel there is a beautiful marble group of the Entombment.

Along a romantic road, part of its way rock-walled, the stones covered with pink and yellow lichens, a slumbrous calm pervading everything, we bowled quickly to Dreux, passing through Louviers, with its air of rural elegance, its pleasant streams, shady walks and trim gardens, the quaint old houses in the centre and the beautiful church of Notre Dame, imparting a mediæval appearance.

Evreux, a clean pleasant little town, is situated on the Iton. The small admirably proportioned Cathedral is its main attraction, though the perfect Renaissance is out of harmony with the Norman architecture to the west of the nave, and the fifteenth century wooden spire. The latter was erected by Cardinal La Balue, the famous primate of Louis Eleventh, as was also the beautiful Lady Chapel which contains excellent glass. The carved wood screens of the chapels in the nave and those of the

choir are of the sixteenth century. Adjoining the Cathedral is the Bishop's palace with its exquisite cloisters.

On we rushed to Dreux where we lunched and then went to the Chapelle Royalle, a highly interesting erection in spite of the medley of architectural styles. The building was begun by the Dowager Duchess d'Orléans, mother of Louis Philippe but was enlarged and completed by the King as a burial place for their family. Here the remains of the exiled Louis Philippe and his Queen were transferred from Weybridge, England. The magnificent stained glass windows and fine sculptures complete a most gorgeous interior. The funeral monuments are in the apse to which steps descend behind the high altar. At the foot of the steps is the monument of Louis Philippe and beside him in a kneeling position is his consort, Marie Amélie. Others buried there are Princess Marie, Duchess of Wurtemberg (over whom is the statue of the Angel of Resignation, sculptured by herself); the Duke of Orléans and his Duchess (Helena of Mecklenburg-Schwerin); Madame Adélaïde, sister of Louis Philippe; the

Dowager Duchess of Orléans; the Princess of Salerno, mother-in-law of the Duc d'Aumale; the two youthful children of the Comte de Paris; two princes de Montpensier, and the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale. The windows of the crypt contain the most magnificent modern glass and the sunlight shining through in such an illuminating way imparted a heavenly glow to the scenes from the Passion. The remembrance of their matchless beauty will always remain with us, these feelings in colour. There are other windows representing scenes from the life of Saint Louis. All were made at the factories at Sèvres and are beyond description.

Descending the steep hill of the town we came upon the church of Saint Pierre, a Gothic edifice of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries with its weather-beaten exterior. However the Lady Chapel and the chapels of the aisles have good stained glass that has been restored, and the organ case is quite beautiful.

The Hôtel de Ville resembles a huge square donjon, having its façade flanked by the projecting turrets at the angles, and

embellished with elaborate carving around the dome and windows.

The way to Chartres lay along a straight grey road like the ones we had travelled in Touraine and several miles away we could detect the beautiful spires of the Cathedral outlined against the blue, blue sky.

This Cathedral of Notre Dame is built (tradition avers) above a grotto where the Druids celebrated the worship of a "maiden who should bear a child." The interior affects one physically—such beauty is there—the superb stained windows, mostly of the thirteenth century, are above one a hundred feet, perhaps the finest glass being in the three rose windows of the west front. You look at these windows, and leave them and return to look again and again. The choir and apse are surrounded by a double ambulatory and the latter is adjoined by seven chapels. The wall enclosing the choir is adorned with sculptures that are like point lace in stone, some of them are mutilated but not enough to detract in any way from the beauty of the whole. The "Vierge du Pilier" is in the north aisle, and before her at all hours are worshippers and the stand

is ablaze with candles, lighted and placed there by petitioners. In the treasury we were shown a piece of the veil of the Virgin, said to have been presented to Charlemagne by the Empress Irene.

A funeral taking place in the nave did not deter visitors from walking about the chapels, but we awaited the departure of the small band of mourners before seating ourselves to fully appreciate the marvellous beauty of the building. On the floor of the nave is a curious maze of coloured lines, supposed to have served for a penitential path for worshippers, the stations on it corresponding to the beads of the rosary.

By winding streets we descended to the church of Saint Pierre in which are the twelve splendid Limoges enamels by Leonard Limousin, each two feet in length, representing the twelve Apostles. They were given to Diane de Poitiers by Henry Second and brought from her château at Anet, in the chapel of which Diane was buried. Only a few remains of the château are preserved and Diane's monument has been destroyed.

A great many old houses are at Chartres, the quaintest being the one having the stair-

case of Queen Bertha on its front is in the Place de la Poissonerie. Through the narrow streets when crossing little bridges we caught glimpses of the Cathedral on the hill above us until we took the road to Rambouillet. We passed through the small town of Maintenon, situated on the Eure which possesses the handsome château from which Françoise d'Aubigné (widow of the lame poet Scarron) took the title of Marquise de Maintenon on her marriage to Louis Fourteenth. Here too are the ruins of that huge aqueduct begun by Louis Fourteenth to conduct the water of the Eure to Versailles but discontinued owing to the great mortality among the workmen.

An obelisk has been erected to its defenders at Epernon, a small and ancient town.

Stopping at Rambouillet for dinner we saw the château where François First died. Afterwards it belonged to Charles d'Angennes, husband of the celebrated Marquise de Rambouillet and was acquired later for the crown of Louis Sixteenth; there also Charles Tenth signed his abdication. The Park covers three thousand acres and contains numerous avenues of tall trees.

After dinner we walked about the streets and fancied we had been placed in the second act of "Le Bohème," for a fête was taking place and the square and streets were crowded with the populace making merry. A band gave most discordant but none the less entertaining music, the gendarmes mixed with the crowd lending additional colour to the picture, and small boys carried torches and gave screams of delight at the women throwing confetti in the faces of their admirers.

Reluctantly we turned towards Paris. Past the Forest of Rambouillet which looked ghost-like in the light mist through which the moonshine shimmered. At Versailles we found ourselves in the midst of another fête. In the distance we had seen the fireworks but they were finished before our arrival, and the crowd was dispersing in all directions.

All too soon we reached the Bois, the Arc de Triomphe gleamed white in the moonlight and the fountains in the Place de la Concorde seemed dripping with silver. Past the Tuileries gardens we slowly made our way to the gilded statue of Jeanne d'Arc.

PART TWO

England

I

FROM LONDON TO BEDFORD VIA HAMPSTEAD HEATH AND ELSTOW

September 4th. None the worse for the choppy sea our boat encountered crossing the Channel, we were quite ready to resume our journey by motor and started at three in the afternoon, past Trafalgar Square with its wonderful column and lions, up Piccadilly with its steady stream of traffic, the like of which one sees in no other city in the world, to Hyde Park Corner, past the overdecorated Albert Memorial out to Hampstead Heath, which is one of the most open and picturesque spots in the immediate neighbourhood of London, its wild and irregular beauty of hill and hollow making it a refreshing contrast to the trim elegance of the parks. It was once a notorious haunt of highwaymen and nearby are many old Inns frequented by the desperadoes. It was at

"The Spaniards" that Dick Turpin engaged rooms for the night. On being surprised by King George's men he made his escape through the window overlooking the stable yard, leaping on the back of his mare "Black Bess," and set out for his famous ride to York. It is here that one may see hanging over the bar in a frame three curious knives and forks with curved steel handles used by Turpin and two of his friends when at supper at the Inn. The other famous hostelries are those of "Jack Straw's Castle" and the "Bull and Bush" in the garden of which is a holly tree planted by Hogarth.

The wonderfully built English roads of a golden colour are narrow and winding with high leafy hedges each side, having once in a while a break in them of a long driveway up to an old mansion of which one can only obtain a view of its chimney tops, the spreading trees hiding all else.

The English scenery is surprising by its endless variety. It seems to be a country of woods, hedges and soft airs, with no wearisome sameness. We drove on through a low-lying level drowsy land of deep green meadows freshened by little lazy streams

to the orchard embowered village of Old Warden. This village which is full of quaint houses with carved barge boards, red-painted doors and windows, was long the residence of the Lords Ongley who lived in Warden House. At the end of the short walk across the fields are the ruins of Warden Abbey, the arms of which are three pears. These were the famous Warden baking ones grown in the Abbey orchard and still known the world over as Warden pears. Past acres of hops waving their tender green vines laden with blossoms ready for gathering, we sped on to Elstow, famous as the birthplace of John Bunyan who lived there for many years and whose wild youth, marriage, struggles with conscience and his call to take up the vocation of preaching have all been told by himself. In the main street is a long row of old cottages with overhanging upper rooms, dating from long before Bunyan's time, and on the left-hand side as you enter the village is pointed out the one occupied by Bunyan after his marriage. It is low built with two small gables and stands alone. In this old village was once an Abbey for Benedictine nuns, established during the

life of the Conqueror, of which some ivy-hung ruins still remain.

The restored church has on its floor several interesting brasses, one of which represents the last Abbess of the Convent and displays one of the best examples existing of the costumes of a Benedictine Abbess, with cowl, gown, cap and veil, wimple and pastoral staff. The five bells in the belfry claim attention from the fact that one of Bunyan's favorite amusements as a young man included bell ringing in Elstow church and the sexton does not hesitate to point out the very bell that used to be rung by Bunyan showing the groove worn by the rope, in the stone archway under which he stood, in dread lest the bell should fall upon him. Two memorial windows have been erected to him with scenes from the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War." On the unpretending village green a big fair used to be held once a year which is supposed to have served as the original of Bunyan's idea of Vanity Fair in "Pilgrim's Progress." On this same green he was playing a game of cat on a Sunday, and just as he was about to strike the cat heard voices

from Heaven which caused him to cease playing and eventually brought about his conversion and started his preaching career.

We reached the Swan Hotel at Bedford in a drenching rainstorm. Having wired in advance our rooms were ready for us, and in each a cheerful fire blazed in a most welcome way. We were hungry with that keen hunger developed from automobiling and did justice to the good old fashioned English fare in this good old fashioned English Inn.

II

PETERBOROUGH, NEWARK AND MANSFIELD

September 5th. Bedford is a charmingly antique town situated on the toy river Ouse which brightens the landscape by its silvery gleaming as it takes its winding way to the sea. Its history goes back to very ancient times, the charter of incorporation granted by Henry Second is still preserved as are also those granted to the town by about a dozen other English sovereigns.

The two great names of Bedford, however, are John Bunyan and John Howard. At the corner of St. Peter's Green is a fine statue of the former cast from the material of cannon taken in the Chinese War. The base of Aberdeen granite is decorated with bronze panels representing scenes from "Pilgrim's Progress." This was presented to the town by the Duke of Bedford. The statue to John Howard was erected by public subscription in 1894 on the occasion of the centenary of his death.

The old bridge over the Ouse, upon which was the prison where Bunyan was incarcerated, was partially swept away in a great storm in 1672 and the present one was erected in 1811, but the spot occupied by the old dungeon on the bridge is still pointed out.

The Bunyan Meeting House in Mill Street is built on the old site of Ruffhead's Barn. At first the congregation worshipped in the barn, which was finally bought by subscription, the Old Meeting House built, and Bunyan installed as preacher, a post he held until his death in 1688. The present building was erected in 1848. The bronze gates, presented by the Duke of Bedford, containing panels illustrating scenes from Bunyan's works, are a prominent feature of the chapel. In the vestry is the gate of Bunyan's prison, his chair, his jug, his will in his own handwriting and a copy of the warrant for his arrest.

The site of the old Castle of Bedford is marked by an artificial circular mound.

In the red September air we hummed through Saint Neots, Huntingdon, the native place of Oliver Cromwell, whose birth

is recorded in the register of Saint John's church, and the Grammar School still stands in which the Protector was educated. We passed antique farm-houses and moss grown cottages, along continuously winding roads where the eye was delighted by a succession of small landscapes captivatingly beautiful; through Stilton, famous for its cheeses, to Peterborough.

We were fortunate enough to hear part of the service at the Cathedral, after which a verger conducted us about. The restoration of this magnificent building is complete, giving it the appearance, at a first glance, of a new structure until we see that the architecture is Norman. Unfortunately all of the old glass was destroyed by the Puritans, but it retains the painted wooden roof and ceilings of the transepts added by Abbot Benedict in the twelfth century. Peterborough Cathedral was once a Benedictine Abbey, founded in 655, destroyed by the Danes in 870, and restored in 966. At the dissolution of the monasteries it was spared because Catherine of Aragon was buried within its walls. It having been suggested to Henry Eighth to erect a fair monument for her,

he is said to have replied, "Yes, I will leave her one of the goodliest in the kingdom," and surely no queen could have had a more magnificent one than "Peterborough the Proud." A handsome white marble stone with incised inscription and coat of arms, has recently been laid down to her memory, the original tablet above the Queen's grave having been destroyed by Cromwell's troops. Near the south door of the choir a black marble tablet shows the former resting place of Mary Queen of Scots, whose remains were taken to Westminster Abbey in 1612 by order of her son, James the First.

The interlacing arches, illustrating the subtleties of every transitional period in architecture from Norman to Perpendicular, are the most attractive feature of the edifice.

Beneath the floor of the north transept, protected by wooden doors, are several richly ornamented slabs or coffin lids undoubtedly Saxon; and form a series which may be considered one of the best in England. They are in their original positions, the spots on which they lie being outside

the Saxon church where was the original graveyard.

The choir and altar have most exquisite mosaic pavements. The so-called New Building which forms the eastern end of the church, is remarkable for the beautiful fan tracery of the roof and its choir stalls and pulpit are of wood, magnificently carved.

The cloisters on the south side of the nave are known as the "Laurel Court." Hawthorne says of this spot, "Of all the lovely closes that I ever beheld, that of Peterborough Cathedral is to me the most beautiful; so quiet it is, so solemnly and nobly cheerful, so verdant, so sweetly shadowed and so presided over by the stately minster, and surrounded by ancient and comely habitations of Christian men."

The west front, with its triple recessed arches eighty-two feet high, is of the finest Early English and unlike anything else in England. Over the middle door is a chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and to the left of this entrance is a portrait of Old Scarlett, the memorial which is usually looked at first. He is represented with spade, pick-axe and keys and a whip in his leathern

girdle; at his feet a skull. At the top of the picture are the arms of the Cathedral and beneath the portrait these lines:—

"You see old Scarlett's picture stand on hie
But at your feete there doth his body lie
His gravestone doth his age and death time show
His office by theis tokens you may know
Second to none for strength and sturdye limm
A scarbabe mighty voice with visage grim
Hee had inter'd two queens within this place
And this townes householders in his lives space
Twice over: But at length his one turne came
What he for others did for him the same
Was done: No doubt his soul doth live for aye
in Heaven: Though here his body clad in clay."

He is said to have buried both Catherine of Aragon and Mary Queen of Scots. The old gateways to the right and left of the Cathedral are covered with ivy as are the Cloisters, the left gate leading to the old Prior's house, now the Deanery; the right one to the Bishop's Palace.

The Guild Hall, in the Market Place, is an effective building with the lower part open and is used as a butter market.

At Peterborough we left the pleasant river Nene, whence it finds its way to the North Sea through the Flat Fens, and con-

tinued our flight through bonnie England with its miles of neatly trimmed hedges and past picturesque farm-houses and their outbuildings with thatched roofs, sheep by the hundreds and chickens by the thousands, and on the hillsides the numberless cows browsing.

On our way to Mansfield we passed through Grantham where, in 1642, Sir Isaac Newton was born at Woolsthorpe Manor (now a farm-house). The Angel's Inn is a quaint old building, formerly belonging to the Knights Templars, and dating from the thirteenth century, when King John is said to have held court and there too Richard Third signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham.

At Newark are the remaining ruins of a castle built by Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, called "The Magnificent." After it was surrendered to the Crown it was often the residence of John prior to and following his becoming King. He died there in 1212. Charles First was ably defended there and in spite of famine, disease and slaughter the Castle remained impregnable, only surrendering at last by order of the King,

who yielded himself to the Scots at Southwell. Since then it has remained in ruins. The best view of it is from the promenade along the river Trent. There are massive towers at each end and one in the centre and its stout walls give evidence of the strength of the old fortress. The eastern tower contains a spiral staircase leading to the room above the gateway and to the chapel. Near the western side are the remains of the Great Hall, once a magnificent apartment one hundred and thirty feet long by twenty-two feet wide. Its chief feature is a fine oriel window on the west front. In the thickness of the north wall is the entrance to the dungeons, one of which is particularly terrible, a chamber of beehive shape, ten and a half feet in diameter and seventeen feet deep, sunk low in the rock. The enclosure in which the castle stands is now a public pleasure ground laid out with paths, greensward and flower beds, while over the walls of the ruins climb flowering vines.

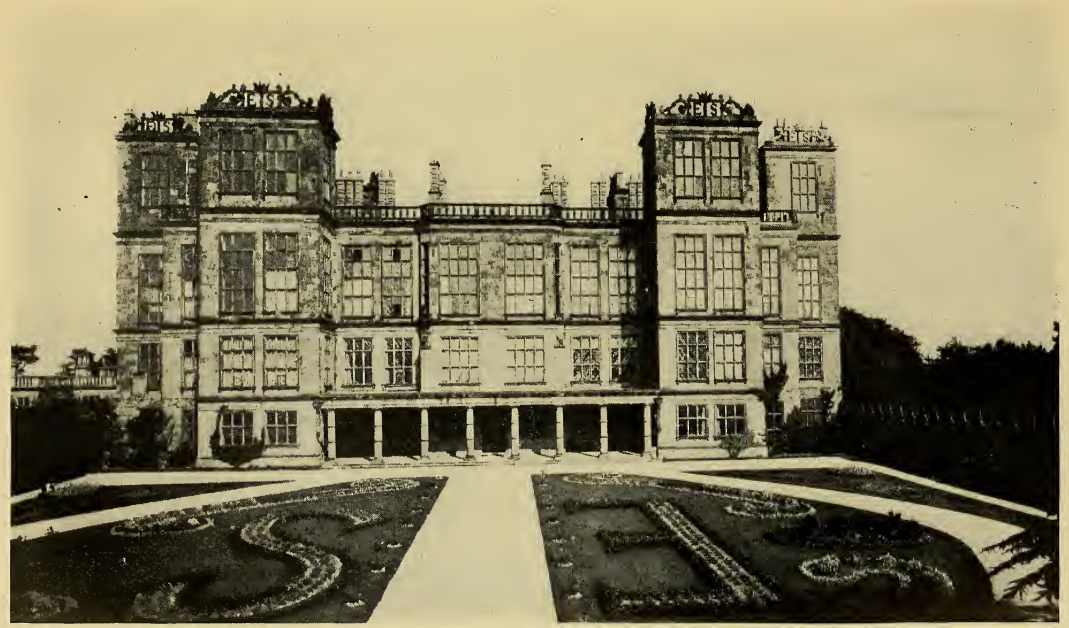
The Saracen's Head, an Inn which existed in the days of Edward Third, is familiar to readers of the "Heart of Midlothian," as the house where Jennie Deans received

"a mouthful o' meat" on her way to London.

A short distance south of the Market Place is the Beaumond Cross, which used to bear a plate with the inscription stating it was erected in the reign of Edward Fourth; but why, and the authenticity of same, are questions on which antiquarians differ.

The town of Blidworth is surrounded with relics of Robin Hood; every hill and dale, cliff and cavern, and almost every tree of any age is supposed to have been connected with the outlaw chief. Will Scarlett is said to lie buried in the churchyard, and a cave in the cliff upon which the village stands is supposed to have been used as the store house of the outlaws.

The sunset was a wonderful one; the fields were drenched in a purple haze and the trees seemed wrapped in gold. At Mansfield we stopped for the night at The Swan Inn, most unattractive exteriorly but quite the opposite within. The winding oak staircase is three hundred years old and our rooms were supplied with wonderful antique oak beds, dressing tables, chests and clothes presses. The place is almost entirely fur-



"Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall"

Bunyan's Statue at Bedford

nished in genuine antiques and the wife of the proprietor told us that her husband had been offered a goodly sum by one of our American millionaires for the contents of two of the bed chambers. In the hall was a crackling fire, its flickering flames of many forms and colors lighting up the comfortable chairs around the hearth and from their brass cages, several brilliantly plumaged parrots talked and crooned to us.

III

THE DUKERIES AND SHERWOOD FOREST

September 6th. It was delightful driving forth in the fresh fragrance of the early morning, the roads free from traffic and children. Soon we reached Hardwick Hall, the stately home and one of the magnificent seats of the Duke of Devonshire. It was erected by the famous Elizabeth Hardwick, popularly known as "Bess of Hardwick," one of the richest women of the time of Queen Elizabeth. This wonderful person was born in the old hall at Hardwick which is now in ruins. She was married four times gaining great wealth by every marriage, and had children only by her second husband, Sir William Cavendish; their second son was created first Earl of Devonshire. Her fourth husband was the great Earl of Shrewsbury, whose death preceded hers by seventeen years, she herself dying at the ripe old age of eighty-seven. She was unremittingly engaged in erecting mansions, it is said, be-

cause a gypsy informed her that her death could not happen so long as she continued building, so Chatsworth, Owlcotes, and Hardwick rose at her bidding, the latter place, however, was not completed during her lifetime.

This oblong building faces an enclosed garden, the main flower beds of which form the initials E. S. (Elizabeth Shrewsbury). It is an Elizabethan building having six square towers, surmounted by open-work battlements in which the initials are carved beneath a coronet. The large number of lofty windows gave rise to the jingle, "Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall."

The rooms are all magnificently furnished in seventeenth century Jacobean furniture and the walls hung with the richest tapestries. The State Room is seventy feet long and thirty-three feet wide and another noble apartment is the famous Picture Gallery extending the whole length of the building and lighted by twenty-seven thousand panes of glass. Among the pictures are portraits of the rival queens, Elizabeth and Mary, the latter in sombre garb, the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,

"Bess of Hardwick" and Arabella Stuart who was born at Chatsworth in 1575. She was the niece of Mary Queen of Scots, and grand-daughter of "Bess." It was Arabella Stuart, who, when her cousin James the First was on the throne, married without his permission; both she and her husband were immediately imprisoned and from her weary incarceration in the Tower she was released only by her death, after losing her reason.

For ten years Mary Queen of Scots was entrusted to the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and one may be sure his masterful spouse was practically the jailor of the Queen. In the apartment known as Mary Stuart's room there are numerous relics of the Queen, the chief being the bed having an exquisitely worked quilt with hangings of black velvet, embroidered with flowers of colored silk, done by Mary and her attendants. She was really confined in the old hall, but her effects were removed to the presentb uilding. Over the doorway are her initials and around the walls runs the inscription, "*Marie Stewart, par le grace de Dieu, Royne de Scosse, Douariere de France.*"

The ruins of the old hall stand on the brow of the hill, at right angles to the new building; it is but a fragment now, roofless, moss grown and luxuriantly mantled in ivy.

Bolsover Castle, which is the property of the Duke of Portland, was originally a Norman fortress erected by William Peveril, a natural son of William the Conqueror. The present building was the work of Sir Charles Cavendish, son of "Bess" and the father of the first Duke of Newcastle. The part that is in ruins is far more beautiful than the habitable portion, in which Charles First was entertained in royal fashion on three occasions, when Ben Jonson was master of ceremonies and wrote the masques, one of which was "Love's Welcome." The chief apartment in the Keep is the Star Chamber, built in imitation of that infamous apartment that brought such odium upon Charles First. None of the rooms are furnished now and much of the handsome wood work has been removed to Welback Abbey. The Long Gallery and dining hall have handsome groined roofs and the "pillar room" is unique.

The Baily Wall encloses an ancient and

curious garden containing a carved stone fountain and numerous seats and summer-houses. Around this wall, it is said, Mary Stuart drove a pair of horses, to win a wager, and made the circuit safely.

Bolsover is the center of a colliery district of considerable importance. From one of the mines alone the Duke of Portland is said to draw upwards of fifty thousand pounds a year in royalties. From the terrace of Bolsover is a wonderful view of Derbyshire and the model village of Bolsover.

For about five miles we drove on, rabbits scurrying away in droves at our approach and pheasants glancing shyly at us from amid the fringe of bracken. Then before us lay the park of Welback Abbey, studded with herds of deer, including a white variety, and thousands of sheep. In the distance were the foot hills of Derbyshire, and to our right Sherwood Forest proudly swept. Nestling snugly in the vale is this forest home of the Duke of Portland, a site possessing all the varied charms that wood and water can give.

We passed "The Winnings," a group of white stone buildings,—almshouses erected

by the Duke of Portland at the request of his wife, for the benefit of the poor and to commemorate the success of his race-horses in 1888, 1889 and 1890. The Abbey was founded by Thomas de Cuckney and was one of the wealthiest in the country; at the Dissolution it was granted to an ancestor of Whalley the regicide, from whose heirs it descended to "Bess of Hardwick," who, in turn, left it to Sir Charles Cavendish (one of the sons by her second husband); from his family it passed by marriage to William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland. A large portion of the present structure is the work of "Bess" and her son, suites of rooms and wings being added by successive owners of later date. The old and new parts harmonize so well that it is impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins. It is a perfect palace of luxury, containing a vast collection of valuable paintings and articles of *vertu*. Visitors are allowed to go through the underground picture gallery which is said to be "the largest and in every way the most magnificent private ball-room in England." Most of the pictures are copies of the originals which are

in the apartments above, and to which strangers are not admitted.

The fifth Duke of Portland, called "the invisible prince," on account of his reclusive habits, turned Welbeck into a huge workshop, and for eighteen years the stonemason, the iron-founder and the carpenter were incessantly at work at an annual cost of about one hundred thousand pounds. He had built the underground apartments and subterranean passages, which are the unique features of Welbeck, radiating in all directions from the Abbey, for several miles; some are wide enough to be used as carriage roads, and all are pleasant to walk or ride in, being dry, free from draughts and lighted by circular glasses that protrude above the surface of the ground all over the fields.

The riding school is three hundred and eighty-five feet long, one hundred and four feet broad, and fifty-one feet high, the entire roof is glass; when artificial light is needed it is provided by eight thousand gas jets. The ornamentation includes a carved stone cornice and a metal frieze displaying representations of animals, birds and foliage.

The hunting stable contains stalls for

ninety-six horses and all the buildings, including the stables, poultry-houses, cow-houses and dairy are extensive and fitted in the most approved style. The gardens are very beautiful, the walls espaliered with pear trees and one finds many orangeries, vineries and conservatories, while the kitchen garden covers an area of ten acres. The terraces of the Abbey that face the river Meden are most artistic, the glistening river having its surface dotted with swans.

About half a mile beyond the gates of Welbeck a charming forest road leads to the entrance of Clumber Park. There we found ourselves amidst scenery such as Sherwood alone can show. Huge old oaks are seen only here and there, but the varied hues of the heather, gorse, and bracken in profusion, together with the silver birches, combine to make the scene idyllic. Passing under a waving canopy of firs and larches we drove through the famous avenue of lime trees, which is about three miles long, with a double row of limes the entire length, and between the trees the bracken, out of which the rabbits were playing hide and seek.

Clumber House is owned by the Duke of Newcastle; it is of white freestone and was erected in 1772 by the second Duke, who also formed the lake which fronts the house, the pleasure grounds and plantation. Unfortunately the Duke was in residence, and the house closed to visitors. The Dukes of Newcastle and their ancestors have ever been patrons of the fine arts, and as a consequence possess a priceless collection of paintings, many choice ceramics and rare pieces of furniture.

The park has an area of four thousand acres and is eleven miles around, the whole estate comprising thirty-five thousand acres. Going south we passed through part of the estate and having reached its limits, entered Thoresby Park, which is twelve miles in circumference, and remarkable for its forest scenery; some of the trees now standing were growing when King John was upon the throne, seven centuries ago. We drove through a dense foliage of monster oaks, the branches stretching across and forming beautiful living arches, the curtains of green leaves so thick that at times the gnarled old trunks of giant girth could scarcely be seen.

It is worth travelling hundreds of miles to look at such scenery, and scarcely anywhere else can its like be beheld. These are truly veteran oaks, the partiarchs of Sherwood Forest, noble and picturesque in their decay.

Thoresby House, the home of Earl Manvers, is the third mansion erected there; the first, in which the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was born, was destroyed by fire; then the Duke of Kingston, an ancestor of Earl Manvers, built another, which was demolished to make room for the present building, a stately edifice in Elizabethan style.

On our way to Edwinstowe, we left the car on the high road and going in about a hundred yards through the forest visited the Major or Queen Oak, whose gnarled, weather-beaten trunk of vast proportions has witnessed possibly a thousand years. At the height of five feet it measures thirty feet in circumference; and its monster branches cover a straight line of two hundred and forty feet. It is most remarkable on account of the emptiness of the bole, it being quite hollow to the height of fifteen feet, and its interior, which is gained through a fissure, affords standing room for several per-

sons. It is recorded by one historian that seven persons have breakfasted together within this space, and sixteen persons have been known to squeeze themselves within its wooden walls. The marks of many tempests are visible upon its time-worn frame.

Edwinstowe traces its history back to the days when Edwin, King of Northumbria, having been slain in battle at Hatfield in Yorkshire, was buried in Sherwood Forest, this incident giving it its name. From that village, we took the road past the Duke's Archway which stands in a grassy drive; it is almost an exact copy of the Priory Gateway at Worksop and was built by the Duke of Portland in 1842. Two sides are used as dwellings and once the large upper room in the centre was used as a school. In the niches are figures of Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Richard First, Friar Tuck, and Alan-a-Dale.

The Parliament Oak is near here, and is one of the oldest trees in the Forest. There is a tradition that Edward First held a parliament under its branches in 1290; King John is also said to have summoned a council of Barons there.

Byron's Bedroom at Newstead Abbey

The Major Oak in Sherwood Forest

After leaving this we passed through the Birklands, a portion of the Forest belonging to the Duke of Portland, which owes its name to its birches, though there are many gnarled and knotted oaks and mighty beeches too.

Near there is Rufford Abbey, the seat of Lord Saville. It is sometimes shown to travellers, but the King was a guest to-day, having come for the races which are taking place at Doncaster, so the house was closed to us.

Rufford, called "Rumforde" by the Normans, passed from them to Gilbert de Gaunt, nephew of William the Conqueror. Then the Earl of Lincoln, his eldest son, made the place the site of a Cistercian Monastery. At the Dissolution, it was given to the Earl of Shrewsbury, the father of the last husband of "Bess." Here it was that she brought about the marriage of her daughter Elizabeth with the brother of Darnley, husband of Mary Stuart. The unfortunate Arabella Stuart was the offspring of this union.

Over the Clipstone road we returned to Mansfield to spend another night at the charming little hostelry there.

IV

THE BYRON COUNTRY, HADDON HALL, SHEFFIELD AND LEEDS

September 7th. Regretfully we left the Swan, and continued our way to Newstead Abbey, the ancient home of Lord Byron. This Abbey was one of the houses erected by Henry Second in expiation of the murder of Thomas à Becket, and dedicated to God and the Virgin Mary. At the Dissolution it was granted by Henry Eighth to Sir John Byron who made it his favorite residence. He destroyed little of the old fabric, except the church; this he dismantled and it has since been allowed to fall into picturesque ruin. Before the monks yielded possession of the Abbey they collected their most valuable charters, hid them in the lectern and threw that in the adjoining lake; where it was found a century and a quarter ago, but their ornaments of gold and silver supposed to have been put in chests and disposed of in the same way, have never been discovered.

Under the Byrons, Newstead was frequently the scene of revelry and was sometimes visited by royalty. They were a soldierly race and ardent partisans of Charles First, who enobled Sir John Byron.

Lord Byron's immediate predecessor to the title, his grand-uncle, was known as "The wicked Lord Byron" and was ostracised by society after killing Mr. Chaworth in a duel at Annesley Hall. He afterward retired to lead a secluded and miserable life at Newstead. His wife and children and servants suffered from his animosity, and to spite his sons he allowed the Abbey to fall into decay and cut down all the beautiful majestic oaks he could, this work of destruction being finally stopped by an injunction obtained by the heir. He outlived his sons, so the estate descended to Lord Byron, of literary fame, to whom he contemptuously referred as, "the little lame brat at Aberdeen."

After completing his education at Cambridge, Byron settled at Newstead, where his conduct was most eccentric. He surrounded himself with hare-brained companions and, with them, gained unenviable

fame for his lawlessness. He was greatly attached to the place, however, and upon being urged to sell it when pressed for money replied, "Newstead and I stand or fall together,—I have fixed my heart upon it and no pressure present or future shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance." But later he was obliged to do so, though it grieved him deeply to part with his home. An old Harrow school friend, Colonel Wildman, bought it; later it was purchased by W. F. Webb, Esq., who finished the restoration begun by Colonel Wildman, and was succeeded by his daughter and her husband, General Sir H. Chermside.

Many events had happened to Lord Byron before parting with his home. He had written magnificent poetry, waking one morning to find himself famous; he had travelled and made an unhappy marriage; he had taken his seat in the House of Lords, and he had been alternately the pet and the horror of the *beau monde*. After selling the Abbey he never returned to England, but lived on the continent, continuing his writing, and died assisting the Greeks to obtain

their independence. His body was brought home by his valet and buried in Hucknall Torkard church.

The ruins of the Abbey church are a beautiful example of Early English architecture. In the words of Byron it is "a glorious remnant of the Gothic pile," having in its centre a large window:—

"Shorn of its glass of thousand colorings
Through which the deepened glories once could enter
Streaming off from the sun like seraph's wings."

In the centre below this is the grand portal from which the doors have long since been shed. The entrance to the house is gained through the old crypt, which has a low groined ceiling supported by pillars and on the floor and walls are many trophies of the chase gathered in various parts of the globe. Adjoining this is the parlor of the Monks.

The grand staircase leads to the library, a long narrow room extending almost the whole length of the north side. Its oak panellings are decorated with various portraits, including one of Sir John Byron "of the great beard," to whom the Abbey was

given by the eighth Henry. There is a fine collection of books, ancient and modern, and the other notable contents of the apartment comprise three stained glass windows, relics of the old building, a noble marble chimney-piece heavily carved with grapes, and an ebony chair which belonged to Henry the Eighth.

The Monk's Dormitory now does duty as a grand drawing-room, its arched and richly decorated ceiling with its massive oak frame work dates from 1635. The pictures include the famous portrait of Byron painted by Philips, the refined features wearing a melancholy expression and a spirituality which the poet probably did not possess. Rich and rare cabinets are a feature of this room, one beautiful specimen is of ebony inlaid with ivory of old Milanese work; another with innumerable little drawers is of ebony and tortoise-shell; another is of ebony and silver; and still another, old Italian in richly carved gilt. There is also a beautiful ivory chair inlaid with gold, once the property of Warren Hastings, who received it from Tippo Sahib.

In the south corner are the interesting

relics of the poet; among them are his boxing gloves, single sticks, ink-stand, candlesticks, a copy of his first volume of poems and the penholder he used when writing "Childe Harold." These are displayed on a small circular table, on which Byron wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Upon it too, during his final stay in England, Livingstone penned his last book, "The Zambesi and Its Tributaries." He was a personal friend of Mr. Webb's, and carefully preserved there is the hat that Livingstone wore during his last travels, together with other relics of the great explorer. There are also the cap and jacket worn by Byron in Greece, his sword stick, helmet and sabretache,—all relics of the campaign in which he lost his life,—and the fragment of tree upon which the poet carved his own and his sister's name on the occasion of his last visit to Newstead.

The refectory is now used as the dining-hall; it is panelled in oak said to be from one tree which grew in Hardwick Park. The Abbot's dining-room, Byron used for the same purpose, and the table and wine coolers are those of the poet-lord.

A winding staircase, on which is a stained glass window seven hundred years old, leads to the rooms used by Byron. These are jealously preserved in their olden state, so that they are seen very much as they were in his day. There are three rooms, the bedroom, the dressing-room, and the Monk's or Haunted Chamber. Upon the walls of the dressing-room are portraits of the poet's faithful retainer, "Old John Murray," and his pugilistic friend, "Gentleman Jackson," with views of Oxford, Cambridge and Harrow. A gilded four-poster surmounted with coronets, his dressing table with all the toilet articles he so frequently used, the chairs he sat upon and the pictures he loved are in the sleeping-room. The third room was for his valet, but before that was the Monk's Infirmary, and as it looked into the church, enabled the invalid to hear the service said below. This apartment is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of a monk, whose duty it was to wreak vengeance upon successive generations of Byrons holding the property. Lord Byron asserted that he had seen the ghost on several occasions and alludes to it in one of his poems:—

"A monk remained, unchased, unchained,
And he did not seem formed of clay,
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church
Though he is not seen by day.

"By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said
He flits on the bridal eve:
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes, but not to grieve.

"When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn;
And when aught is to befall
The ancient line, in the pale moonshine,
He walks from hall to hall."

The cloisters resemble those at Westminster Abbey, on a smaller scale and in the centre of the quadrangle is an ancient fountain whose stream has sparkled hundreds of years. Near it is a subterranean passage used as a bath by Byron, who was obliged to light it with lamps or candles. Tradition says it was used by the monks as a lavatory in which to wash their dead brethren. The present chapel is the Chapter House of monastic times. In Byron's day it was sadly neglected; but he was even then able to describe it as:—

"An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene."

Byron's oak is in the gardens, which were laid out by Le Notre and are after the style of Versailles and Hampton Court. "Boatswain" is buried in the old church where the high altar formerly stood; the poet wished to be buried in the same spot, but when he sold the Abbey he knew his wish would never be fulfilled. His fine Newfoundland dog was his constant companion; unfortunately he was seized with madness, but Byron was so ignorant of the nature of the dog's malady that he continued to fondle him and even wiped away with his own hand the foaming saliva from the animal's mouth, but to his master's great grief, the attack proved fatal. Over his grave Byron erected a marble monument bearing the following inscription:—

"Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without indolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices." This praise which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain, a dog, who was born at Newfoundland, May 1803, and died at Newstead Abbey, November 18th, 1808."

With deep feeling we approached the high altar in Hucknall Torkard church. The poet's grave is marked by a marble slab sent by the King of Greece in recognition of Byron's services. The inscription is, "Byron, born Jan. 22nd., 1788; died April 19th, 1824." Upon the south wall of the chancel is a plain mural tablet bearing the inscription:—

"In the vault beneath, where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried, lie the remains of George Gordon Noel Byron, Lord Byron of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, the author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' He was born in London on the 22nd of January, 1788. He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 19th of April, 1824, engaged in the glorious attempt to restore to the country her ancient freedom and renown."

Beside it is the memorial tablet of the poet's only daughter Ada Augusta, "sole daughter of my house and heart." In the vestry is a panel in memory of Byron, and in the wall near by his grave is a marble profile medallion of the poet's visage, the gift of an admirer.

A short drive to the southwest took us to Annesley Hall, which nestles amid trees by the side of a beautiful lake. This hall is the old home of the Chaworth family, one of whom was killed in that infamous duel in the dark, by the grand-uncle of Lord Byron, from whom he inherited the title. It was Mary Chaworth with whom Byron fell deeply in love in his fifteenth year. She was a distant relative, consequently he spent much time at Annesley Hall; his love was not reciprocated, but with Byron it was a consuming passion which he enshrined in his poem "The Dream." After her marriage to Mr. Musters of Colwick Hall, Byron saw her and her child and, needless to say, was much affected by the sight. The poem, "Well! Thou Art Happy" has reference to the meeting and describes the feelings which it excited in the poet's breast. Its concluding lines breathes his despair:—

"Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break."

Through Alfreton and Ripley we entered the Derbyshire country. Our way led

Haddon Hall

Peacock Inn—Derbyshire

through the several Matlocks which extend along the Derwent in the romantic gorge which that water forms. All around us were the rocks and mountains; on the east side of the river the High Tor, an abrupt limestone rock rising four hundred feet above the river, and on the west side, the Heights of Abraham. Petrifying wells are numerous and there are delightful walks on both banks of Derwent River. At Rowsley, we lunched at the Peacock Inn, a quaint place with the sweetest old fashioned gardens. We took a peep in the bedrooms with their low raftered ceilings, delightfully furnished in antique mahogany with chintz coverings and hangings and diamond paned latticed windows.

From there we went to Haddon Hall. It is picturesquely situated on a slope rising from the river Wye, and is an almost ideal specimen of an old English baronial mansion. Though unoccupied it is in a fair state of preservation. Once the property of the Arundel family, Haddon in the twelfth century came into the hands of the Vernons, remaining in the family four hundred years. By the marriage of Dorothy Vernon it

passed to the Rutland family who are the present owners, but live at Belvoir (pronounced Beever).

Leaving the main road, we crossed the river by a quaint old bridge weathered into a delightful harmony of greys and greens, and drove up to the Lodge of the custodian, whose little garden has yew trees clipped in the shape of the Vernon and Manners crests (the boar's head and the peacock).

Climbing the slope, we entered the gate of the Norman Tower, and ascending a few steps were in the spacious courtyard where brightly colored flowers leaned their heads against the weather-beaten stone walls.

The Chapel, which is the most interesting portion of the building, is situated at the southwest corner of the yard and is entered through a Gothic porch. It is of Norman date and consists of chancel, nave and side aisles. The east window contains some good fifteenth century glass which was put there by Richard Vernon and his wife Benedicta in 1427. The remains of the original burnished gilt ornamentations of the family pews, pulpit and reading desk are still visible on the mouldings. The Vernon arms

carved in a fret on the old vestment chest, the Norman font attached by a plinth to one of the pillars, the old oak pews and gallery and the squint in the southwest angle of the church, from which a view of the church could be obtained without the spectator being seen, were pointed out to us by the daughter of the custodian. The plain simple roof of open timber appears to have been repaired or restored in 1624, as one of the beams bears that date carved upon it.

Crossing the courtyard to the porch of the great hall, over the door of which are two shields bearing the arms of Vernon and Pembrugge, and within the portal, a Roman altar, found in the grounds some centuries ago, we entered the passage leading to the upper courtyard. On the left side of the passage is the buttery, and adjoining it is a vaulted apartment, probably once an ale cellar. From there a long dark passage leads to the kitchen, containing two immense fire-places, with irons for a great number of spits, and other cooking requisites, the huge chopping block is in the centre of the room, and dressers are placed about the walls. A large table with hollow places was used for

kneading troughs. Adjacent are the sculleries, larders and wine cellars.

The banqueting hall is one of the most interesting and best preserved specimens of the kind in existence; the hall seems in readiness for the reception of guests; the minstrel gallery seems to await the arrival of the musicians; the raised dais, opposite the old oak screen, decorated with stag's heads and antlers, seems prepared for the lord of the hall and his guests, for the same massive oak table stands there as in bygone days. Two or three decayed pictures still hang on the walls, and to the screen is affixed a curious relic of an old baronial custom,—a strong handcuff, in which the wrist was confined of any recreant who refused to drink the orthodox quantity of liquor. His hand was held high above his head and his companions poured the rejected liquor down the sleeve of his doublet.

Opening from the banquet hall is the dining-room; richly ornamented panellings cover the walls surmounted by a cornice of carved wood work, the upper panels being adorned with shields bearing the arms of the Manners and Vernons, the peacock and

boar's head divided by the rose, shamrock and thistle. A panel over the fire-place bears the Royal Arms and those of the Vernons, with the motto:—

Drede God and Honour the Kyng.

A recess near the entrance, with an oriel window looking into the garden, contains portraits on its panels of Henry Eighth, whose son, Prince Arthur, occasionally resided there, and his Queen, Elizabeth of York, and the grotesque head with cap and bells, carved near these, is supposed to be that of Will Somers, the jester. An ancient copper wine cooler is also in this room. The ceiling is divided by beams into bays which were formerly enriched by paintings, as traces of the latter are still visible.

Immediately over this room is the drawing-room, where, if the ladies of the ancient days could return, they would see the original arras and frieze. The panelled walls are hung with the faded tapestry, and around the ceiling is an ornamental cornice of stucco. Near the entrance is an ancient chair, the old brass fire-dogs are still there and the panels in the window recess possess portions of

their original green and gold decorations. A door at the upper end leads to the Earl's dressing-room and bed-chamber, the faded arras on the walls represent sporting subjects. Adjoining the bed-chamber is a small apartment, which is said to be the valet's room, but from the ornamental character of its decorations was more probably "my lady's." In this room, communicating by a narrow flight of stairs with the leads above the chapel, is a doorway concealed by the tapestry.

The ball-room or grand gallery is the most splendid apartment at Haddon, occupying the greater portion of the south side of the mansion. It is wainscoted with oak and ornamented with Corinthian pilasters; on the frieze are carved boars' heads and peacocks alternating with roses and thistles. The windows lighting the three deep bays contain some well executed specimens of stained glass; on one is pictured the arms of the Manners and Vernons impaled and surrounded by a garter; the centre window has the Royal Arms of England surmounted by a crown, and the third has the arms of Shrewsbury and Manners. In a glass case

at the far end of the room is preserved the death mask of Lady Grace Manners who died at the age of ninety years.

The anteroom leading from here contains a number of old paintings, among which are portraits of Queen Elizabeth, the first Charles, Prince Rupert and Eugene of Savoy. This room connects with the state bedroom; the large bay window of which overlooks the upper courtyard. The room with its lofty walls is hung with Gobelin tapestry picturing scenes from Æsop's Fables. The state bed, still preserved in a dilapidated condition, is hung with dark velvet lined with white satin, the embroidery of which can still be traced. George Fourth is supposed to have slept in this bed, which was moved to Belvoir for the purpose. This bed, an old fashioned dressing table, and large mirror are said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth when she visited Haddon Hall. At the foot of the bed stands an old oak cradle in which the infant members of the Manners family were rocked. An old spinet and some antique chairs are the only other furniture there.

Behind the tapestry is a door leading in

to the ancient state room, one of the oldest rooms at Haddon and remarkable for its total absence of decoration. The floors are of plaster, much worn, and the narrow window and doorways are of extremely primitive workmanship, giving the apartment a most gloomy appearance. A short passage leads from this room to the circular flight of narrow steps of Peveril's Tower, which occupies the northeast angle of the building.

The view from the summit is magnificent; beneath are the spacious courts and embattled parapets of the Hall, its terraced gardens and majestic woods encompassing it. To the north is the valley of the Wye and the lovely dale of the Lathkill and the towns of Bakewell, Monsaldale and Cresswell. In the opposite direction the view is equally grand and impressive, whilst in the immediate foreground is a succession of forests and meadows and behind them the lofty range of the peak, the dark hues of the far off moorlands serving to enhance the rich beauty of the nearer landscape.

Retracing our steps to the anteroom adjoining the ball-room we passed through Dorothy Vernon's doorway and descended

the few steps to the terrace garden, planted with yew and holly. It was by this doorway that Dorothy Vernon is fondly supposed to have fled in order to elope with Sir John Manners during the festivities attending the marriage of her sister to Sir Thomas Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby. At midnight while the dancing was proceeding merrily Dorothy made an excuse to her partner, left the ball-room, opened the stoutly barred door of the antechamber and fled down the steps, along by the sombre stately yews down the hill to the bridge, where John Manners was waiting with a fleet horse. They journeyed all night and next morning reached Aylston in Leicestershire, where they were married. In this way the Haddon and Derbyshire estates were brought into the Manners family. The disapproval of the match by the family of Dorothy was due to the difference in religion.

A flight of steps at one end of the garden leads to the avenue of lime and cedar trees, which is known as Dorothy Vernon's walk, the popular tradition being that it was a favorite promenade of that celebrated lady. Another broad flight of steps from an open

balustrade on the north side of the terrace leads to the principal garden, the sides of which are laid out in pastures bordered with box and yew and the centre occupied by two grass plots separated by a gravelled walk. Rounding the lower end of the building we passed through a wicket-gate close to where we had entered the Hall, and noticed over the entrance the sculptured shields on which are the armourial bearings of the Vernons and their alliances.

Along the peaceful Wye we drove to Bakewell, and in the church dedicated to All Saints, visited the Vernon Chapel, in the centre of which is a fine altar-tomb, an extremely beautiful example of the highly decorated monuments of that period. This is dedicated to the memory of Sir George Vernon, "The King of the Peak," who died in 1561, and his two wives, Margaret and Maude. The monument of Dorothy and her husband stands at the north end of the chapel. It is large and imposing looking and highly ornamented with the arms of the families of the deceased. Beneath a semi-circular arch are their kneeling figures facing each other, Sir John in plate armour and Dor-

othy in close fitting dress and with cap and ruff, while beneath are the four figures of their children. At the north end of the chapel is a sumptuous monument erected to Sir George and his wife with effigies of themselves and their children. There are many more interesting tombs to the dead in the church, and some beautiful memorial windows. The church itself is like most of the English churches, the style varied, Norman in one place, Early English and Decorated in another, with examples of still later periods. In the churchyard, near the wall of the Vernon chapel, is a Runic cross, said to be one of the finest in Great Britain. It is, exclusive of the pedestal, about eight feet in height and is supposed to be at least one thousand years old. The sculptures upon it illustrate the life, death, burial, resurrection and ascension of the Redeemer.

Bakewell is the centre of the highlands of England, the district abounding for miles around in wild and romantic scenery. The Duke of Rutland rebuilt the baths on the site of the former ancient ones and they are enclosed in a garden near the centre of the town. Many of the houses are of Eliza-

bethan architecture, giving a quaint aspect to the place. Across the ancient bridge, with its five pointed arched and angular buttresses, we sped on to Chesterfield, a busy manufacturing town. Chatsworth House is just now closed to the public, as the present Duke of Devonshire is repairing it in order to render it more habitable for himself and family.

The curious twist of the spire of the parish church at Chesterfield is probably due to the warping of the wood work below the leaden casing, but local legend ascribes it to the devil. George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive, is buried in Trinity church, and there is a Stephenson Memorial Hall containing an engineering museum and library.

Our way from Chesterfield to Sheffield lay through thickly wooded hills and leafy valleys, and in the heart of this beauty was the town, clouding the sky with the smoke from her huge chimneys, thousands in number, suggesting an enormous volcano. Through the faint haze of smoke the dim outlines of the buildings could be discerned. Sheffield lies about ten miles north of Chesterfield in

the West Riding of Yorkshire, at the confluence of the Don and Sheaf. It is unprepossessing and smoke begrimed but pleasantly situated at the east base of the hills forming the backbone of England. Horace Walpole described it as "one of the foulest towns of England in the most charming situation." It early acquired a reputation for its blades, for the miller in "Canterbury Tales" is furnished with "a Sheffield thwytil bare he in his hose." It enjoys a world-wide reputation for its cutlery, files, steel and silver goods; also armour plate, guns and shells. The town itself is entirely given over to factories and business premises, while the residential suburbs spread up the slopes of the lovely hills on every side. The only interesting public building is Saint Peter's church which is prominently located in the heart of the town. In the Shrewsbury chapel there are the monuments of the Earls of Shrewsbury, including the gaoler of Mary Queen of Scots, who kept her confined for fourteen years, part of which time was spent in an old castle in Sheffield which was demolished in the Civil War. South of Saint Peter's is Cutler's Hall, in which is held the

annual Cutler's Feast the first Thursday in September.

On leaving Sheffield we ran through a pass between the mountains of slag which surround this iron metropolis, then drove through a plain where the farmers were harvesting their wheat, far and near. By many windings, our road eventually led us to Leeds, where we decided to spend the night.

V

YORK MINSTER, BOLTON ABBEY AND WINDERMERE

September 8th. Leeds is the great centre of the cloth industry, but not an interesting place. There was little to detain us for we did not care to visit the factories. There are many handsome modern buildings, and in City Square a spirited equestrian statue in bronze of the Black Prince, and statues of James Watt, John Harrison, Dean Hook and Doctor Priestly. The Town Hall is a large, ambitious, but somewhat begrimed structure in Paladian style, with a lofty clock-tower. In front of it are statues of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel and Queen Victoria. In the church of Saint John, the oldest in Leeds, the great screen is one of the finest Renaissance works of the kind in England; the church also contains its original oaken fittings.

A cold windy ride we had to York, which we entered through Mickle Gate Bar, one of

the picturesque gates of the city walls of the most ancient metropolitan see in England. Of course, we went directly to the Cathedral, where we walked about in silent admiration of the beauties of that glorious fane. The most striking features of the exterior are the noble west façade, the Early English transepts, the imposing central tower, the Chapter House with its flying buttresses and the great east window.

The nave, though much ornamented, has a simplicity peculiarly pleasing. The triforium is not a distinct division, but appears part of the clerestory design; the roof is of timber, painted to resemble stone, and in original stained glass York Minster excels all other English Cathedrals, which adds greatly to the richness of the interior. The transepts with their clustered piers and pointed arcades are the oldest part of the existing structure. The beautiful lancet windows in the north transept are known as the "Five Sisters" and retain the original glazing of a peculiarly beautiful silvery green colouring. The verger told us the pattern for each window was made by one of five sisters, which recalled to our minds the

story told in Nicholas Nickleby by the grey haired gentleman travelling with Nicholas in the railway coach.

The window in the east aisle of the transept, reproducing an older one formerly in the same position, commemorates Sir Frank Lockwood. The monument to Archbishop Grey in the east aisle of the south transept is considered the best in the Cathedral, and the adjacent monument of Dean Duncombe by Boehm is also very fine.

The rood-screen which separates the majestic choir from the nave is most elaborate with rich tabernacle work and statues of English Kings. The choir was set on fire by a madman in 1829 and the timber vaulting of the roof and the stalls were destroyed, but have been restored. The altar-screen too is a reproduction of the old one.

The great east window, which is second in size to that of Gloucester alone, retains its fine glazing. It is seventy-eight feet high and thirty-one feet wide and is entirely filled with glass, requiring an extra mullion. There are no less than one hundred and three windows in the Minster, most of them entirely filled with old mediæval glass and very much

of the beauty in color of the Cathedral depends on the glowing and mellowed tints with which these windows are filled. The superb Flamboyant window at the west end of the center aisle measures over sixty-five feet high and twenty-five wide, and consists entirely of old glass except the faces of the figures.

The marvellously beautiful Chapter House has seven windows of five lights, all of old glass. The east window has been clumsily restored by Willement. These windows are as thin as paper, but are protected by outer panes of plate glass. The Chapter House which is generally considered to be the most beautiful in England, is octagonal in form and has no central pillar. Each bay is occupied by one of the exquisite windows with geometrical tracery, the mullions being broken up into slender shafts with capitals. Below the windows is an arcade famous for its richness and curiously beautiful design, consisting of a series of canopies, six to each bay, under each of which is a seat. The canopies are carved with unusual richness, having heads and figures and finials of oak leaves. At the top there is a cornice of

carved grapes and vine leaves. In grotesqueness, fertility of invention, and perfect fitness as decoration this could hardly be surpassed. The roof is of wood painted to resemble stone, this being the modern decoration. Formerly, it was decorated with figures of kings and bishops and the bosses covered with silver. This and the floor tiling have an unfortunate effect, but it is hoped that some day the new glass, the tiles and the painted roof will all be removed.

The crypt is most interesting, not only for its own sake, but for the light it throws on the history of the building of the Minster. There we see both Norman and Saxon remains, and beyond the walls of the former crypt are graves showing the limits of the walls of an earlier period, for undoubtedly the graves were in the churchyard.

The Record Room, formerly a Chantry, founded by Archbishop Zouch, contains the fabric rolls and other documents concerning the building and constitution of the Minster. In the vestry is the famous horn of Adolphus. It is made out of an elephant's tusk and the wide end is ornamented with carvings which show a strong Eastern influ-

ence and was probably of Byzantine workmanship. It was given to the Minster by Alphus, son of Thorold, a short time prior to the Conquest. He placed it on the altar as a sign that he gave certain lands to the church. The horn was lost during the Civil War, but found by Lord Fairfax who returned it to the Cathedral. The vestry also contains the fine pastoral staff given by Catherine of Braganza to James Smyth, the Roman Bishop of Gallipolis, which was torn from him in the streets of York at the time of the deposititon of James Second.

The streets leading to and from the Minster are narrow and filled with tiny houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which overhang at their second stories and bulge outward or lean toward one another from the weakness of age. Stonegate and the Shambles are the quaintestof the streets, the latter a narrow cobble-stone lane only wide enough to permit the passing of one vehicle at a time. Half timbered houses line it on both sides, some of which have sagged so far that neighbors across the street may shake hands from one house to another. Doubtless the Shambles derived

its name from the butcher shops which occupy many of the lower parts of the houses.

After lunching we went to Saint Mary's Abbey, whose picturesque ruins are surrounded by gardens. In the museum of antiquities next the Abbey we saw the finest specimens of Roman remains we have met with outside of Italy. Floors of mosaic taken from villas constantly dug up around York, coffins of lead and stone uncovered by railway excavations, jars and vases, simple household utensils, and most wonderful of all is the mass of dark auburn hair kept in a special urn. It is supposed to be the hair of a Roman lady or British princess, dressed twenty centuries ago for the tomb and kept in place by pins of jet.

No time remained for a walk about the city walls for we had to reach Bowness by night. Past Marston Moor, the scene of Cromwell's victory over the Royalists in 1644, we went to Knaresborough which possesses a Dropping Well of petrifying propensities, then continued on to Harrowgate among the Yorkshire moors. This is one of England's chief watering-places and is perhaps the most aristocratic of all English spas.

The wells and springs are of sulphur and chalybeate. On we sped through Skipton, supposed to be the birthplace of "Fair Rosamund" mistress of the second Henry, though Clifford Castle on the river Wye also claims that distinction.

At Bolton Abbey we paused to visit the poetically beautiful ruins which lie at the foot of the most picturesque part of Wharfedale, the finest of the Yorkshire dales and one of the most beautiful valleys in England. The Abbey, which is situated on the bank of the Wharfe, is an Augustine foundation of the twelfth century. The chief part of this not extensive ruin is the church which has been restored and used for service. At the end of the single aisle is the Mauleverer Chantry, in the vault below which the Mauleverers and Claphams are said to be interred in an upright position, a tradition referred to by Wordsworth in "The White Doe of Rylstone." The gallery on the south side of the church where the monks walked or heard the services is still intact.

At the Devonshire Arms we stopped for tea, then rushed on to Bowness, wishing we had been able to make a short detour to the

Keswick

The Shambles, York

south where lies Haworth, the home of the Brontës. At the attractive little village of Kirkby Lonsdale we stopped for petrol. In the transparent sky the sun was about to set, bathing the air in a delicate daffodil light, just tinged with lilac and enhancing the country which is attractively varied, with its mountain fells and valley and the lovely stretches of the river Lune both above and below the village whose mountain sides were clad in purple heather.

Before we reached Kendal the lamps were lighted and the heavens studded with stars. Kendal Castle stood tantalizingly outlined for there was no moon to show its beauties. Here was born Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry the Eighth.

Cold and weary we reached Bowness. Again a telegram had provided for the dainty supper and hot drinks which awaited us and the cheerful fires which blazed in our cozy little rooms.

VI

IN THE LAKELAND

September 9th. The road from Windermere to Ambleside is one of the finest in the lake district. After passing the Sun Inn, the lake comes into view with its incomparable mountain surroundings. The houses of the town are irregularly built and command views of great beauty in all directions. In Saint Mary's church at Ambleside is a stained glass window in memory of Wordsworth which was presented by English and American admirers. Another window is in memory of Matthew Arnold. The literary associations of Ambleside are many and interesting. The memory of Harriet Martineau is indelibly linked with this village where her home, The Knoll, still forms a pleasing feature of the valley to the left of Grasmere road. There she wrote her famous "Complete Guide to the English Lakes." George Eliot visited Miss Martineau at The

Knoll in October, 1852, and in a letter to a friend, dated the 22nd of that month she wrote:

"Harriet Martineau called on Monday . . . Very kind and cordial. I honor her for her powers and industry and should be glad to think highly of her. I have no doubt that she is fascinating when there is time to talk."

Emerson also visited Harriet Martineau in 1855, afterwards giving an account of his interview with Wordsworth in "English Traits."

About a mile to the north of Ambleside is Rydal. Its literary associations cluster chiefly around Rydal Mount, the later home of Wordsworth. The house is a modest dwelling of sober hue, mantled with roses, jessamine, ivy and Virginia creeper. Here he died and a few days later his remains, followed by a large concourse of people, were laid in state near those of his children in Grasmere churchyard. All the road out of Ambleside is strewn with reminiscences of the poet and his friends and other celebrities. There is Nab Cottage where Hartley Coleridge lived and died, also Fox How, the

residence of Doctor Arnold,—a spot sacred to the Rugbeians.

Rydal Water is one of the smallest but also one of the most attractive of the lakes. On the Keswick side of Rydal village is a low rock called Wordsworth's Seat, the top of which is reached by a few steps. A short distance towards Grasmere and close to the shore, a neat roadside cottage attracts attention; this is the Nab where De Quincey resided for some time, ultimately marrying the daughter of old Simpson the former occupant of the cottage, with whom he lodged. Later the cottage was occupied by Hartley Coleridge who died there and is buried in Grasmere churchyard.

The charming little lake of Grasmere is considered by some the prettiest in Lakeland. At Dove Cottage Wordsworth resided and it still presents the same appearance. It was here Wordsworth and his sister had De Quincey as a guest, and from the latter, who himself afterwards lived in Dove Cottage, we have a number of reminiscences of the days by Grasmere. The relics within include an entire set of the first editions of Wordsworth's poems, some of his manu-

scripts, a large number of portraits of himself and family and many of his friends. The furniture is just as it was in the days when Wordsworth was there. Back of the house is the garden which the poet made by clearing away some of the trees. Flagstones in the grass lead to the summit of a hill where a beautiful view of the lake is obtained.

In the church at Grasmere is a marble tablet to Wordsworth, the epitaph on which was written by the author of the "Christian Year." The churchyard is more sought after for there the poet lies at rest with the other members of his family and at no great distance from him Coleridge's son is buried. Here, as in Ambleside an ancient custom is observed in summer. Before the aisles in the church were covered with matting and the pews with carpet, rushes were used for keeping the feet from the cold floor. Every summer a gathering of rushes was made for the purpose and they were borne with pleasing ceremony to the church. The necessity for rushes has ceased but rush-bearing is still an important annual festival. Garlands are borne by children in procession to the

church, and a short service held for which a beautiful hymn was written by Owen Lloyd.

As soon as we leave the village of Grasmere we commence the steep ascent of Dunmail Raisewhich looks down upon Grasmere. The boundary of the Counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland on the summit of the pass, a short distance beyond the stream is marked by the cairn "heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones." Legend declares that at this spot the wandering king fell in with a ghost whose appearance was much in her favor. He entered into a certain bargain with her, pledging his word and she bestowed upon him a ring, taking as a guarantee of good faith the king's neck ornament. The king unfortunately on a subsequent occasion suffered himself to make more or less questionable proposals to a beautiful damsel whom he had rescued, and as a result of his faithlessness was defeated by aid of the wronged fairy's relations. Surprised by the Saxons near the Castle or fort of Helvellyn, he fell fighting and it is said that on snowy nights the phantom of the king may be seen pursuing a spectral maiden who, when he

has her almost within his grasp, vanishes in a snow wreath. From the brow of the pass there is a magnificent view of the hilltops and vales. The rugged rocks of the summit of Helm Crag assume a variety of shapes, according to the position from which one views them. The most familiar of these is the Crouching Lion which in due course assumes the shape of the Old Woman at the Organ.

Crossing the boundary into Cumberland we reached Wythburn, the favourite starting point of those wishing to ascend Helvellyn. Following the road along the lake of Thirlmere there is a fine view of the Armboth Rocks, beautiful from their irregularity, River and Fisher Crags among them. As we proceeded we had a splendid view of the peaceful Vale of Saint John, including the majestic background of Saddleback and farther along, a glimpse of Skiddaw. About half a mile before reaching Keswick we drove to the top of Castlerigg Brow, where one of the richest of landscapes is unfolded. Dipping down a steep hill and passing the old toll-house we entered Keswick.

It is a large prosperous market town on

the banks of the river Greta, close to the northern shore of Derwentwater, the most picturesque lake in England. In the Parish church of Crosthwaite, a half mile from the town, is a handsome monument to Southey (erected by subscription). It is a full length recumbent figure in white marble on a base of Caen stone and in the churchyard is his grave.

Greta Hall, in which Coleridge lived before Southey occupied it from 1083 to 1843, stands on a low hill at the northern extremity of the town. Shelley too, when obliged to quit Oxford, went to Keswick with his child-wife, and lived under the protection of the Duke of Norfolk.

The High and Low Parks are attractive features of the town and are situated on the north bank of the river. The Lodge at the gate of the Low Park is a museum containing many original manuscripts, including the original John Peel. The great wild dog of Ennerdale, a desperate sheep-killing character is also preserved there.

Derwentwater, the "Queen of the Lakes" is almost three miles long. Its compact form enables it to be taken in at one view.

The picturesque variety of the steep wooded crags and green hills rising from its bank and the grouping of its wooded islets is most beautiful. The largest islands are Derwent Isle and Saint Herbert's Isle. On the last is the ruined cell of a hermit of the seventh century. The "Floating Island" which appears at intervals on the surface of the lake consists of a mass of weeds made buoyant by the escape of gas from the decayed vegetable matter.

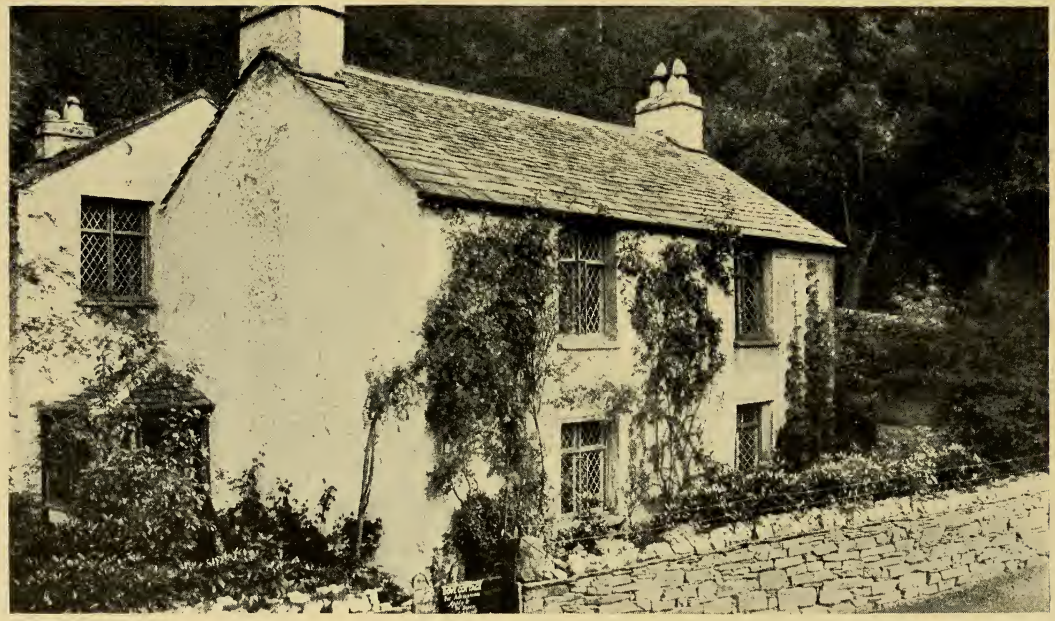
Over hill and dale we sped to Penrith, which is the junction for Northern Lakeland. The town is one of the oldest in the north and has an interesting history, having figured prominently in all the wars between the Scots and the English. The town is overlooked by the ruins of a castle, supposed to have been built by the Nevilles. The Parish church has an old tower, the higher portion of which was built by Warwick the Kingmaker. It still displays the bear and ragged staff, the device of the Warwicks. Inside are the portraits (in stained glass) of the father and mother of Richard Third.

Leaving the town behind us and crossing the bridge over the Eamont, we came

upon a field to the left in which is a curious relic known as King Arthur's Round Table, circular and about twenty yards in diameter, surrounded by a *fosse* and mound. It is believed to have been a tilting-ground, or it may have been the scene of the oldest and most brutal of duels, the girdle-duel, when the combatants were strapped together and fought to death, after each had driven his knife into a block of wood, the portion not embedded was then wrapped around with a leather thong, the weapons were withdrawn and, of course, the stronger blow secured the longer blade.

Ullswater Lake resembles the letter Z, and is composed of three unequal reaches lying amid majestic mountains. It is the lake which combines the greatest variety of attractions, portions of its banks possessing the sylvan beauty of Windermere, while the mountain masses at its head are scarcely inferior to those at Derwentwater.

Through a leafy road where the glens grew deeper and fairy-er we finally emerged into Patterdale, a pleasant place with most attractive scenery. The church is dedicated to Saint Patrick, and on the high-road



Wordsworth's Home, Dove Cottage, Grasmere

Kirkstone Pass and Brothers' Water

is the well of this Irish patron saint, said to have been used by him for baptismal purposes. From this side too one can ascend Helvellyn and other scrambles are those to the tops of Stybarrow Crag, Place Fell and Fairfield.

From Patterdale we began the ascent of Kirkstone Pass, our good car proving the exception to the rhyme:

"He surely is an arrant ass
Who pays to drive up Kirkstone Pass
You'll find, in spite of all their talking
You've got to walk, and pay for walking."

The lofty mountains on both sides are covered with fragments of rock, and little streams run wildly down the pass. Evidently there is some vegetation, for sheep and cows are browsing on the steep sides, looking like toys glued to the landscape. Soon we looked down on the heights of Patterdale and the Brothers' Water, which lake is said to derive its name from the fact that on two separate occasions two brothers were drowned in it. The two lakelets in the east are Hayes Water and Angle Tarn, both well stocked with trout. After amusing ourselves with the marvellous repeating

echo from Kirkstone Top, we went on about a hundred yards to the small public house which is appropriately named the "Travellers' Rest." From its front we revelled in the unending miles of mountain scenery, weird, wild and rugged. Looking south, Windermere appeared but a speck of glittering silvery mercury, dots of similar appearance being the minor lakes at intervals along the way.

From the Inn we descended a very steep road to Ambleside. The shadows were slanting far to the eastward as we drove into the town of Windermere, whose lake is the noblest sheet of water in England. It is over ten miles long and a mile in breadth, with fourteen pretty wooded islets dotting its surface, forming one of its most attractive features. Its banks are beautifully wooded and enlivened with numerous tree and shrub embowered villas having beautiful gardens. The shops are all "smartly modern."

Bowness is a labyrinth of small streets, containing numerous pretty dwellings. The ancient structure of Saint Martin's church has a beautiful east window, one of the

oldest in the kingdom, taken from Cartmell Priory. The principal amusements of Windermere and Bowness are yachting and boating, and the craft include many electric launches.

Tired and hungry we reached Storrs Hall, there to enjoy a good English dinner and later write our last letters before sailing.

VII

FURNESS ABBEY, LEVENS HALL, LIVERPOOL AND CHESTER

September 10th. The sun streaming in our windows warned us to be up and on our way to Furness Abbey. We had a glorious view of the lake from the dining-room windows and much regretted having to leave this delightful spot. Through the private grounds and out of the south gate of Storrs Hall, we followed the shore of the lake of Windemere until we reached Newby Bridge, which place owes its name to the quaint old-world bridge which has five low arches of unequal size and sharply pointed buttresses. The recesses, in which a pedestrian may take refuge when endangered by passing vehicles, carry the imagination back to the times when locomotion was primitive.

Following the river Leven to Ulverston, a considerable town having linen and cotton factories, we continued to Dalton, a picturesquely situated mining centre, interesting

as the birthplace of Romney, the portrait painter. His grave is in the churchyard marked by a plain stone inscribed "Pictor Celeberimus."

A little farther on is the Gateway Chapel of Furness Abbey. Few ruins are more imposing in their proportions, more charming in their situation, or more affecting in their decay, than the remains of the once noble Abbey of Saint Mary of Furness. It was founded in 1127 by Stephen, Earl of Moreton and Bologne, afterwards King of England. The Abbot always exercised viceregal power, had the assize of bread and ale throughout the district, Aldingham and Ulverston excepted, the appointment of chief constable for the liberty, free chase through all the district and wrecks of sea on the coast, except in Aldingham. Many wealthy persons bestowed lands and other gifts upon the monks; Sir Michael le Fleming and William of Lancaster being great benefactors to the Abbey as were the Kirkbys of Kirkby, Boughtons of Boughton, and Huddlestons of Millom. So large were the possessions of this establishment here and in other counties, and to such an extent did its opulence

augment, that it was surpassed by no religious house in the kingdom, except Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire.

At present the Abbey belongs to the noble Cavendish family who take great interest in the preservation of the beautiful ruins. The church built as usual in the form of a cross possessed various subdivisions, and from the portions still visible an accurate idea of its proportions and limits can be gained.

The western tower or belfry has immensely thick walls with buttresses; the splendid Perpendicular west window has splays decorated with the leaf-like ornaments of that period, while the staircase in the wall of the tower is in an excellent state of preservation.

The floors of the nave and aisles are grass covered; the transept walls are of their original height, and the bases of the screen which intersected the choir still remain.

The external mouldings of the great chancel window are supported on each side by crowned heads, supposed to represent Stephen, the founder, and Maud, his wife. In the south wall of the chancel are the Sedilia,

a marvel of art in masonry executed in the most exquisite Decorated style.

The beautiful Chapter House arrests attention at once, with its three richly moulded semi-circular arches, decorated with dog-tooth moulding. The middle archway is an open porch, with groined and vaulted roof and this forms the entrance to the four sided room whose vaulted roof, long fallen in, was supported by two rows of slender columns, the bases of all of them being intact. The rosy sandstone draped in ivy is the beautiful feature of this ruin. More decoration seems to have been lavished on this apartment and the chancel than on any other part of the edifice.

The Refectory, Cloisters, Fratery and Great Hall are magnificent ruins. The latter now serves as a repository for relics found among the ruins, included in which are many curious gargoyles, corbels, mouldings, pieces of piping and other interesting remains.

Retracing our way through Dalton, Ulverston and Newby Bridge, we dipped down over the river Gilpin. Crossing it, we found ourselves in front of Levens Hall the "Ban-

nisdale" of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale."

It is a picturesque pre-Elizabethan mansion famous in historic annals, rich in rare ornate oak carving and in works of art by great masters. Through the postern gate we entered the "Topiary" garden equal in every respect to that of Hampton Court. In the noble park are luxuriant rows of stately and venerable beeches and oaks, long stretches of broad grass-clad avenues and shady foot-paths. The distinction this garden enjoys is largely due to the many quaint images cut in box and yew. Cones, cylinders, pyramids and arches are plentifully dotted about and there is a peacock, a lion and a row of chessmen, all shaped in the trimmest way in the green bushes.

Through the park under the old ivy clad bridge, past the front of the hall, the river Kent winds onward in broad, rippling shallows, and calm deep pools to join the waters of Moorecambe Bay.

At Lancaster we lunched. The Castle there still retaining its ancient keep with a turret known as "John of Gaunt's Chair," is now the gaol. Past neat farm-houses, their

lawns and gardens as well-kept as many of our suburban districts at home, we continued to Preston, an important cotton manufacturing town, and then drove into Liverpool.

There we were fortunate enough to gain entrance to the Walker Art Gallery as it was Students' Day and the pictures could be inspected until six o'clock. "The Meeting of Dante and Beatrice" by Henry Holladay and the Rosetti painting of "Dante's Dream" are there and are poems in color. Besides the very good collection of modern paintings, the gallery contains the Roscoe Collection, which includes early Italian, Flemish and German paintings and many casts of Greek sculptures. Opposite the gallery is the Wellington monument, a column one hundred and fifteen feet high.

Down through the busy streets we made our way to the ferry and were conveyed across the Mersey to Birkenhead. At Port Sunlight the workmen were returning from the soap factory to their model little houses, each having a garden in front of it and clambering vines on its walls. The village resembles the pictures of "Spotless Town" with its well-kept dwellings.

The sun was falling rapidly against the west when we reached Chester and cast a soft glow on the buildings which are mostly built of rosy sandstone. We spent the night at The Queen and had the largest sleeping-room we had ever occupied in a hotel.

VIII

THE GLADSTONE COUNTRY AND WALES

September 11th. Chester, the capital of Cheshire, is doubtless the most quaint and mediæval town in England, every effort having been made to carry out modern improvements in such a way as to interfere as little as possible with the characteristic features of the place. It still bears distinct traces of its origin in a Roman Castrum, and the older part is surrounded by walls, the walk around which forms the best introduction to the city. At the northeast angle is the Phœnix Tower, the most interesting of those still remaining, still bearing an inscription, recording that Charles First here witnessed the defeat of his troops on Rowton Moor. The Water Tower owes its name to the fact that ships used to be moored to it in the days when the tidal water of the Dee washed the walls of Chester. Morgan's Mount has an ancient watch-

tower; the ruins of the Goblin Tower are now called Pemberton's Parlor.

The Rows form the distinguishing architectural feature of Chester. How they originated is uncertain and various are the theories that have been advanced to account for them. They are continuous galleries or arcades occupying the place of the front rooms of the first floors of the houses lining the streets, the ceilings of the ground floor forming the foot-path, while the upper stories form the roof. They are approached from the streets by a flight of steps and contain a second row of shops. Those in Eastgate Row are the most attractive; the Watergate Rows are less interesting, but the street contains the three finest specimens of the old timber-built houses, in the number of which Chester excels all other English cities.

Here is God's Providence House, so called from the inscription it bears, which is said to be a grateful commemoration of immunity from the plague in the seventeenth century. Near it is Bishop Lloyd's house with richly carved and pargeted front. Farther along is Stanley House or Palace, the oldest timber house of importance in Chester, originally

the town house of the Earls of Derby. Its small rooms and beautifully carved staircases are well worth seeing. The Yacht Inn, where Dean Swift once lodged, is also in this street. It was there that he, annoyed that none of the Cathedral dignitaries responded to his invitation to sup with him, scutcheoned on a window-pane the following sharp couplet:

> "Rotten without and mouldering within
> This place and its clergy are nearly akin."

The cathedral was formerly the church of a Benedictine Abbey, founded by Hugh Lupus, a nephew of William the Conqueror. Considerable remains of the Norman structure still exist, but the principal portions were erected during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is almost entirely built of the red sandstone of the district. The roof of the nave is of panelled oak, its bosses being ornamented with coats of arms, mainly of persons connected with the city and its history. Fine mosaics are on the north wall and in the north aisle of the nave lies buried William Makepeace Thackeray.

Between the nave and the choir is a screen

of elaborate wood-work; while over the stalls in the choir are some of the finest oak canopies in England. In the Lady Chapel on one side of the bosses is depicted the murder of Thomas à Becket. Two flags suspended at the west end of the south wall of the nave were present at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The Cloisters on the north side of the Cathedral are in the style of the fifteenth century; they are much battered but most beautiful. The Chapter House and its vestibule are both fine specimens of Early English at its best. In the refectory is a fine reader's pulpit approached by a staircase built in the wall.

Through Werburgh Street, a thoroughfare lined by modern buildings modelled after ancient patterns, to Foregate Street, as far as Park Road, we followed a path to the church of Saint John the Baptist, finely situated above the Dee. This church dates from the eleventh century and occupies the site of an earlier Saxon one. The present building, however, is a mere torso, consisting of little more than the nave of the original church. The choir and chancel, crushed by the falling of the centre tower in 1470, and

Hawarden Castle

In the Rows at Chester

the west front, destroyed by a similar accident a century later, are picturesque ruins adjoining the church.

The interior is an excellent example of simple yet stately Norman architecture. The west window was presented about twenty years ago by the late Duke of Westminster. It illustrates the history of the city from the massacre of the monks of Bangor-is-y-coed in 613 to the restoration of episcopacy in 1660.

On our way to the Gladstone Country we passed Chester Castle, originally built by the first Norman Earl of Chester. The buildings are now used as a barracks, the Shire Hall, the Assize Court and the Gaol. At this castle William First spent some time after laying waste the northwestern countries, and several of his successors lodged within its walls when engaged in expeditions against the Welsh, and it was the resting place for one night of Richard Second when on his way from Flint Castle to London to resign the crown.

At Hawarden (pronounced Harden) is the Castle which was for many years the residence of the late Right Hon. W. E. Glad-

stone. It is a handsome modern mansion, having the character of a castellated Gothic edifice of the thirteenth century; within the park are the ruins of a very ancient castle which appears to have been built by the Bretons, although at the time of the Norman Conquest it was a stronghold of the Saxons. The ruins consist mainly of a massive circular keep and contain a chapel, the top of which commands a fine view of the Dee valley.

In the Early English church at Hawarden is a most beautiful monument with effigies of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone in white marble; above their heads an angel stretches his wings, and between them rests a magnificent crucifix. The light is shed in soft colours upon it from a window presented by grateful Armenians and there is also a memorial tablet to Mr. Gladstone.

Adjoining the church is Saint Deiniol's Library, established by the late prime minister. Many of his own books are there now and the whole represents part of the national memorial of the great statesman.

About two miles from Hawarden is Ewloe Castle situated in a thickly wooded dingle.

It is an interesting ruin, finely mantled in ivy. From there we passed through Mold, the neighbourhood of which abounds in mineral wealth. Its handsome church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is of Gothic architecture of the time of the seventh Henry.

Through the Vale of Clwyd, distinguished for its rich cultivation and tranquil beauty, we drove to Denbigh, the county town, which occupies a conspicuous situation near the centre of the Vale. It stands on a steep acclivity, crowned by the ruins of its noble castle, whence there is an extensive prospect of the vale, with the town of Ruthin on one hand and Saint Asaph on the other. The castle dating from the reign of Edward First was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who afterwards entertained the Virgin Queen there with great magnificence. The castle afforded shelter to the first Charles after the battle of Rowton. Dismantled at the Restoration it has been partly restored and the interior is now used as a recreation ground.

The fine church of Saint Mary begun by the Earl of Leicester has replaced Old Saint Hilary's, now closed. Sir Henry M. Stanley

was born at Denbigh. While we were there a military funeral was taking place and the soldiers were lined up in front of the home of their dead comrade, waiting to pay their last tribute, that of bearing his corpse on a gun-carriage to the church and burial place, there to sound a final "taps."

Flying to the north of the fertile Vale of Clwyd we entered Saint Asaph situated between the rivers Eloy and Clwyd. The Cathedral, the smallest in the kingdom, is a Decorated building of the fifteenth century. Its exterior is most plain, the massive tower being the conspicuous feature. The interior has fine carved oak stalls, some good modern stained glass and a monument to Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, who, however, is buried in Dublin.

About three miles north is Bodelwyddan Church, sometimes called The Marble Church, one of the richest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in Great Britain, and erected by the late Lady Margaret Willoughby de Broke in memory of her husband at a cost of about sixty thousand pounds. The graceful lofty spire attains a height of two hundred feet.

Still speeding toward the north we reached Abergele, a small market town and seaport, consisting chiefly of one wide irregular street. Although the houses are more than half a mile from the coast, the salubrity of the air and suitableness of the smooth and firm sand, render it a favourite resort for bathing.

Between Abergele and the sea is the village of Pensarn, and going along another mile we saw Gwych Castle, owned by the Earl of Dundonald, a vast and imposing structure. Though picturesque in appearance it is somewhat incongruous in its style of architecture and, to a large extent, sham, the greater part of the structure being a mere shell, built for effect. At this castle Mrs. Hemans passed nine years of her life.

We sped along the coast to Colwyn Bay, a flourishing watering-place. Below us the Irish Sea beat upon its sands in fury and tossed about the big ships steaming to and from all ports of the world.

From there we dipped south to Conway, the ancient and picturesque little town on the left bank of the Conway River, still surrounded with walls coëval with the castle. This wall is a mile and a quarter in length

and twelve feet thick, fortified with twenty-one semi-circular towers and three Moorish looking gates, (a style of building introduced by the Crusaders on returning from the East.)

The town contains some curious old timber houses, one of which is especially worthy of notice, Plas Mawr, bearing the date 1585. It was built in the reign of Elizabeth and it is said that she and the Earl of Leicester once occupied it. The interior contains panelled rooms, fretted ceilings, old fire-places and quaint carvings. The Royal Cambrian Academy of Arts holds its annual exhibition there.

Conway Castle is the most beautiful ruin in Wales, and is finely situated on a rock rising above the river. It was built by the first Edward as a security against Welsh insurrection in order to command the pass of Penmaenmawr, which then, as now, formed the road to Snowden and Anglesey. When in its perfect state, it must have been one of the most magnificent fortresses in Britain. Its shape is an irregular oblong, the walls of which are strengthened by eight massive circular towers.

Through a portcullised gateway we entered the Great Court, to the right of which is the Banqueting Hall, with roof and floor gone, but the level of the latter may be traced by the fire-place. In the Queen's Tower is a beautiful oriel window known as Queen Eleanor's Oratory. The King's Tower opposite, has below it a dungeon.

The white painted suspension bridge is the jarring note of this otherwise perfect ruin. This leads across the river to the Castle, and was built to obviate the inconvenience and hazard of the ferry.

One of the most celebrated scenic portions of Wales is the valley of the Conway River. Through this we drove, passing Trefriw set amid wild and romantic scenery and Llanrwst which is broad, rich and beautiful. At the former place is a church said to have been built by Llewellyn the Great, and a most picturesque waterfall. Llanrwst is a market town on the river, surrounded by much magnificent scenery. In the church, dedicated to Saint Mary, is a stone coffin of the great Llewellyn, said to have been brought from Maenan Abbey.

Bettws-y-Coed or "the station in the

wood" is charmingly situated at the confluence of the rivers Conway and Llugwy in a basin surrounded with luxuriantly wooded cliffs and hills. At the Royal Oak we had tea and were shown the sign-board painted by the late David Cox, A. R. A., for this hotel where it is still kept as an heirloom. The views at Bettws-y-Coed present features of quiet loveliness and grandeur, in which water, wood and hill commingle.

We crossed the Llugwy by the Pont-y-Pair, a romantic structure of the fifteenth century having five lofty and upright arches covered with ivy, beneath which the foaming current rushes with the fury of a cataract and then, making a sudden bend, quietly subsides into the channel of the Conway. The Fairy Glen is a romantic little dell with a delightful combination of waterfalls, rocks and woods reached by walking down a rough lane. The impressiveness of this glen is materially aided by its accessories, the union of beauty and grandeur in the surrounding scenery, the luxuriant wildness of the overhanging trees, the dark solemn colours of the rocky walls and the forms of the rugged basins which receive the water.

Through deep wooded valleys we twisted to Conover, and sped quickly from there to Llangollen, up steep hills with the river Dee fretting and foaming along its rock-strewn bed in the valley below us.

IX

SHREWSBURY, WORCESTER, AND BROADWAY

September 12th. Llangollen or the "Church of Saint Gollen" is a neat little town delightfully situated on the river Dee in a hill-surrounded hollow. For some inscrutable reason the bridge which is almost opposite the rose garden of the Hand Hotel is reckoned as one of the "Seven Wonders of Wales." It is a simple structure with four irregular narrow-pointed arches.

Half a mile south of the bridge is Plas Newydd, once the residence of the celebrated "Ladies of Llangollen." Both inside and out the house is decorated with wood carvings and contains a few relics, antique furniture, paintings, china and silver. The "Ladies" were two Irish damsels, Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Sarah Ponsonby, who swore eternal friendship, devoted themselves to a life of celibacy and, secretly leaving their homes, lived together for half a century at Llangollen with their faithful

Llangollen Bridge, Wales

Shrewsbury

servant, Mary Carryl, who lies buried beneath the same stone with the "Ladies" in the churchyard of Llangollen.

Leaving the valley of the Dee we bowled along to Oswestry, an interesting old town with a picturesque church tower. The men, women and children were chattering in Welsh, in all the villages.

From there we dipped south to Shrewsbury, standing at the bend of the silvery Severn, which makes a horseshoe around the town. This very ancient town contains many half-timbered houses which have stood for centuries. A kinsman of William the Conqueror, Roger de Montgomery, was made Earl of Shrewsbury and built the Castle, the interior of which is now used as a private residence.

On the opposite side of the street, a little short of the entrance to the Castle grounds, is a building which was formerly the Shrewsbury School, an institution claiming as pupils Sir Philip Sidney and Charles Darwin.

Saint Mary's church contains beautiful glass, superior to any other Parish church in England, excepting Fairford-in-Gloucestershire. In the Trinity Chapel is a tomb

containing a headless skeleton discovered beneath it many years ago, believed to be that of the Earl of Worcester. Saint Alkmond's Church is said to have been founded by Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the Great.

In the street of Wyle Cop are several old wooden buildings, one being "Ye Ancient House" in which King Henry Seventh slept en route to Bosworth Field, August, 1485. The picturesque Market Hall was built in 1596 and is one of the finest buildings of its kind. At one end is a statue of Richard, Duke of York, brought from the old Welsh bridge when that structure was replaced and in front of the Market is a statue of Lord Clive, a native of the county. This square contains two of the finest half-timbered mansions in Shrewsbury. One was the town house of the Irelands of Albrighton; the other belonged to the Owen family and bears on its front the words, "Erected by Richard Owen the elder, gentleman, ano. dni. 1592."

A slight detour took us to Butchers' Row which is one of the best specimens of Shrewsbury's ancient streets and is entered from Pride Hill under a wooden archway.

As the day was Sunday we were unable

to purchase any "Shrewsbury cake" of which one reads in Ingoldsby's Bloudie Jacke:—

"A Shrewsbury cake of Pailin's own make."

Past the thatched cottages of Church Stretton, nestling at the feet of the Stretton Hills, we motored quickly to Ludlow, where are the ruins of the Castle, still magnificent in decay, which was formerly the seat of the Lords President of Wales. Here Milton wrote his "Comus" to celebrate the appointment of the Earl of Bridgewater to the office of Lord Marcher and a great part of Butler's "Hudibras" was also written within its walls.

In this prettily situated town there are many old wooden houses and The Three Feathers Inn has a most exquisitely carved front. Its entrance door is studded with fifty iron studs and has two wrought iron hinges, the end of each being designed in a fleur-de-lys. There is an abundance of oak work in the hall, the plain oak staircase leading to a large dining-room with a beautifully carved mantlepiece. The ceiling is a study after the Italian style, the moulding representing roses, thistles, acorns and bunches of

grapes, with centre panel bearing the Royal Arms of James First. The original fireplace has over it a very fine carving in oak of the same royal gentleman's insignia (the Tudor rose, portcullis and feathers). Most of the rooms, including the dining-room, are panelled to the ceiling.

At Hereford we had not time to enter the Cathedral, but hunted out the Raven Inn, supposed to be the birthplace of David Garrick. All about Hereford is characteristic English river scenery, and in every direction are lovely walks, the numerous small and comfortable inns making it a comparatively easy temptation to extend one's ramble in almost any direction.

At Ledbury we lunched at "The Feathers Inn" a quaint timbered house having ivy-geranium filled window boxes. After our midday meal we had a glimpse of the Institute which was opened in 1895 to commemorate Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who spent her girlhood at Hope End, in the vicinity.

About five miles north of Ledbury lies Malvern and by way of the Malvern Hills we reached this inland health resort, consisting mainly of villas, hotels and hydro-

pathic establishments. The Priory Church was founded in the eleventh century and has a tower apparently modelled on that of Gloucester Cathedral. Saint Anne's Chapel, the ancient encaustic tiles, the fine fifteenth century stained glass windows, the miserere carvings, the mosaic in the reredos and some of the ancient monuments are all interesting.

All along the road we met the country people who had gathered in the village to pick the hops. They were gaily dressed in their "Sunday best," the brightly colored ribbons of the girls fluttering against the stiffly dressed attentive swains and the children in their red frocks looked like flowers standing among the grasses.

Descending the Malvern Hills we took our way along the road to Worcester and soon the spires of the Cathedral loomed against the horizon and red gleaming roofs crept over the tops of the bushes, while the Severn sparkled in the distance.

At Worcester we drove up High Street and entered the north door of the Cathedral. The plan of the building is a plain cross, the central tower being just over one hundred and sixty feet in height. Between services

we were hurried through to see the Chapter House, a decagonal building, dating from the Late Norman period and having its vaulting borne by a single column in the centre; then we were permitted to glimpse the cloisters and the crypt, the latter having a fine groined roof and light supporting columns; and the Lady Chapel, on the south wall of which is a tablet to the memory of the wife of Izaak Walton, who was a sister of Bishop Ken. The quaint epitaph was written by her husband.

Only a minute was allowed us for the most interesting memorial in the Cathedral, the tomb of King John in the choir, said to be the earliest existing effigy of an English monarch. It consists of a sarcophagus-tomb of the sixteenth century, surmounted by a recumbent statute of the thirteenth century. The King died at Newark but at his request was buried at Worcester.

The choir is separated from the nave by a most elaborate screen and metal gates are also at the ends of the aisles. The stalls are handsome and the misereres very quaint. In the Chantry chapel there is an altar-tomb to Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry

Seventh, elder brother of the eighth Henry and first husband of Catherine of Aragon.

The magnificent groined roof, extending in an unbroken line for three hundred and eighty-seven feet is a feature that no other English Cathedral can match. The verger rushed us through with little ceremony saying they must prepare the place for the next service. It seemed most inhospitable to close a house of worship on Sunday and especially against us from so far away and uncertain of a return visit to this wonderful old edifice.

Worcester is a place of great antiquity. It lies on the left bank of the Severn in a fertile and picturesque district and was frequently besieged and burned during the wars of the middle ages, no other English town of equal importance having had a more checkered career. The last and most celebrated siege was that of 1651, when Charles Second and his Scottish troops were defeated by Cromwell before the town after a very severe struggle, the young Prince narrowly escaping capture.

In High Street is the Hop Market, a very important industry there, and the Guild

Hall, a Queen Anne building decorated with her statue and others of various monarchs and allegorical figures.

On the way from Worcester to Pershore we crossed the Avon, "the river of song" and of wooded beauty, idyllic in its pretty windings. Continuing our journey, we reached the small town of Evesham, situated in a fertile valley with many orchards and market gardens. Once it possessed a wonderful Abbey, founded in the eighth century. Of this nothing now remains except the dilapidated Norman archway and the beautiful Bell Tower. Simon de Montfort was buried there but no memorial marks his resting place. He was defeated and slain at Evesham by Prince Edward, afterwards Edward First, and a small column marks the spot where the former fell.

Before reaching Broadway we stopped at the old-world village of Wickhamford which has some pretty half-timbered houses, the handsomest being the restored Grange. The church contains the tomb of Penelope Washington, bearing the Washington Arms. She was the daughter of Colonel Henry Washington, cousin to the two brothers Washing-

ton who emigrated to America, one of whom was John, the great grandfather of our beloved George Washington.

Bathed in the sunset glow was quaint old Broadway, as we drove up to the beautiful stone doorway of the fine old hostelry, The Lygon Arms. The doorway bears the date 1620 and the names of John Trevis and his wife, Ursula.

Our rooms were what we had dreamed of finding each night after leaving the Swan at Mansfield. Up queer little flights of stairs we went to the oak raftered chambers with mullion windows, possessing catches several hundred years old, and furnished in antique oak, a cheery fire blazing in the big fireplaces.

For a "parlor" we had what is known as the Cromwell Room, where the Protector is supposed to have slept previous to the Battle of Worcester. This chamber has a handsome ceiling and frieze put there by John Trevis. The present proprietor, Mr. Russell, has furnished it, at considerable expense, with furniture of the Cromwellian period.

By candle light we fared sumptuously in

a low oak raftered room having a fifteenth century fire-place in which a roaring fire crackled, throwing high lights on the old panellings. The walls were adorned with old portraits, among which were some painted by Hogarth. After dinner, Mr. Russell was good enough to show us over the Inn, as we were pressed for time the next day.

In the so-called Oak Panelled Room Charles First is fondly supposed to have been a guest on one occasion at least. The Ingle Nook is very large and is used as a smoking-room. In the private dining-room, Mr. and Mrs. Russell have a beautiful collection of old paintings, crockery and furniture and a wonderful accumulation of Jacobean glass. The family dine at a long high narrow table, sitting on tall stools of Jacobean times.

During the restoration of the Inn, Mr. Russell discovered many interesting articles. Silver coins of Charles First's reign, an ancient candle-stick, a striker used to produce the necessary spark with the tinder box, Cromwellian pipes, a periwig curler, several old Bristol bottles, and an old worm-eaten apple scoop, having carved on it the initials

of Ann Trevis, a daughter of John Trevis, once a landlord of the Inn.

Georges, the Third and Fourth both honored The Lygon Arms by visiting it, and, until a few years ago, the circumstances were fresh in the minds of the oldest inhabitants.

After showing us about Mr. Russell gave us some delicious *liquer* he had bought at auction from the wine cellar of a famous old tavern in London. It was many years old and one cannot purchase the brand at present.

A great deal has been done to restore this grand old tavern to its original condition and when Mr. Russell completes the work it will be a fine specimen of a Jacobean Inn.

X

TO LONDON BY WAY OF OXFORD AND HENLEY

September 13th. The baying of hounds awakened us early and leaning from the window we watched the men and women start off to hunt. The black and white of the pack, the pink of the hunting coats and the vari-coloured spirited horses making a beautiful picture along the wide street of Broadway with its rows of Elizabethan cottages, their diamond shaped panes glittering under their low thatched roofs.

Leaving the dear old fashioned rooms we went to breakfast and afterwards Mr. Russell took us to his antique furniture shop which was so enthralling we wanted everything we saw there.

All the way to the venerable old church of Saint Eadburg were enticing rose-embowered cottages having mossy thatched roofs and graceful Tudor chimneys. The church is cruciform in shape and dates from about 1190. The interior is of harmonious propor-

tions; the pulpit of the fourteenth century has a text from Proverbs painted in Old English lettering around the top. Some ancient carved oak stalls are fitted in the choir under the tower and over the chancel arch is painted the escutcheon of Charles First.

Next we visited the Abbot's Grange which stands back in a garden at the foot of the Green. This is commonly known as the Priory. It has passed through many vicissitudes, but is now private property and has been carefully restored, and, though not open to the public, is a picturesque object of interest of which Broadway is very proud. The garden surrounding the house has been made famous forever by great modern painters. There bloomed the roses painted by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Mr. Sargent's picture in the Tate Gallery of "Carnation-Lily Lily-Rose" originated there.

In Pye Lane are the kennels of the North Cotswold pack and the site of the old Manor House of which nothing remains except the walls of an outbuilding. The old houses are all so pretty with their gabled and mullioned windows. One bears on its chimney-shaft the date 1675. Next to this are the

buildings, once the Old Bull Inn. Yew Tree Cottage has a curiously intersected roof and an ancient sun-dial over one of the dormer windows.

Tudor House has fine mullioned windows, some of them still containing the original dim glass and lead fitted casements. It claims to have been the resting place of the first Charles.

The Prior's House is another ancient building supposed to be of the same date and origin as the Abbot's Grange. So low is its roof and so sunken the flagstones leading to its arched doorway that it seems to be weighed down with the burden of its age.

As we climbed the hill toward Oxford we passed the attractive home of Mary Anderson, now Madame de Nevarro. The dwelling is composed of two fine old farm-houses of Tudor architecture which have been transformed into a beautiful residence. One of the houses was formerly used for some years as the home of Maud Valerie White, the well-known composer and pianist.

We had a delicious run, past thatched cottages with open welcome doors, to the village of Bourton-on-the-Hill. At this place,

tradition avers, was born Sir Thomas Overbury, a gentleman of the Court of James First, who, at the instigation of the Countess of Essex, was slowly poisoned to death after being imprisoned in the tower. He had tried to dissuade the Earl of Somerset, favourite of James, from marrying this beautiful but wretched woman, who, in her rage, avenged herself in this horrible manner.

A little farther on we dipped down to the small market town of Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Opposite the White Hart, another Inn honoured by a visit from Charles First, is the ancient Curfew Bell turret, jutting into the London road. This way we took with deep regret, realizing night would find us in London, our long anticipated trip a thing of the past.

Passing Aldestrop we saw Daylesford House, once the seat of Warren Hastings, who died there and is buried in the churchyard. The Mansion House at Aldestrop is a fine Tudor edifice.

Chipping Norton, a busy little manufacturing town, we next passed and continued along the road for many miles, the ancient highway stretching far away in front of us,

gradually narrowing into a thread line of gold.

At the small town of Woodstock we drove to the gates of Blenheim Park, the palatial residence of the Duke of Marlborough. The palace was not open so we needs must content ourselves with a stroll in the park and the views we could obtain of the house from there. The park and gardens are extensive and attractive, containing temples, cascades and fountains. The park is stocked with deer who were grazing quietly under the shade of the spreading trees.

The palace is imposing, but heavy in style. The best view of it is from the entrance gates, across the lake though even from there it is partly hidden by the trees.

Woodstock Manor was an early residence of the English Kings, but no trace now remains of the palace built there by Henry First. Edward, the Black Prince, was born at Woodstock and Henry Second is supposed to have constructed there the bower for his "Fair Rosamund." In the gate house Princess Elizabeth was confined for some time by her sister Queen Mary. At Woodstock Chaucer once lived and its name is cele-

brated in literature through the romances of Sir Walter Scott.

The air was fragrant with the odour of bracken and pine as we sped through the country roads to Oxford. Arriving there we lunched at The Mitre, a fascinating old Inn with steps everywhere. After a tempting luncheon we hurried off to see as much as we could of the colleges in three hours, in the face of what Nathaniel Hawthorne has written: "The world surely has no other place like Oxford; it is despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime and more to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily."

The Universities of Oxford have preserved so many of their mediæval institutions unaltered, differing so materially from the other institutions of Great Britain, Continental Europe and America in this respect. Oxford includes twenty-one colleges and halls, and these, with Cambridge, are the most aristocratic universities of Great Britain.

Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey and renewed by Henry Eighth, is one of the largest and most fashionable of the colleges. The "Fellows" are called "Students"

as it is attended by undergraduates. We entered through the handsome gateway, called Tom Gate which was begun by Wolsey and finished by Wren. Crossing the Great Quadrangle we proceeded to the banqueting hall in the southeast corner, with its fan-vaulted entrance to the beautiful room where the ceiling is of carved oak, and on the walls are portraits of Wolsey, Henry Eighth, Queen Elizabeth, John Locke and Gladstone, painted by Holbein, Lely, Millais and Gainsborough.

The Cathedral of the diocese of Oxford serves as the Chapel of Christ Church. It is a Late Norman or Transitional building and is the smallest Cathedral in England. The most striking feature of the interior is the curious arrangement of arches in the nave. They are double, the lower ones springing from corbels attached to the piers. The timber roof is ascribed to Wolsey, also the beautiful groined roof of the choir with its graceful pendants. In the east wall of the aisle of the south transept is a window of old stained glass from which the head of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, now replaced by plain white glass, is said to have been

struck off by a Puritan trooper. Most of the windows are by Burne-Jones in exquisite modern glass; the stalls and elaborate Episcopal throne are also modern. The Lady Chapel occupies a very unusual position, adjoining the north aisle of the choir.

Among the most distinguished members of Christ Church were Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, the Wesleys, Wellington, Peel, Ruskin and Gladstone.

Retracing our steps to the Great Tom Gate, we proceeded to Oriel College. It has a most picturesque quadrangle, but is, however, more noted for its members than its architecture, for Sir Walter Raleigh, Bishop Butler, Cardinal Newman and Thomas Hughes were educated here.

A little farther on is Saint Mary Hall, known to the undergraduates as the "Skinnery." Opposite this are the new buildings of Brasenose College and Saint Mary the Virgin's, and the University Church. A slab in the chancel pavement records that Amy Robsart was buried in the choir in 1560.

At Brasenose College, the name of which seems to have been punningly perpetuated by an ancient knocker or door handle in the

form of a nose of brass, the gate and hall have preserved their original character.

Near this is the Bodleian Library, containing about seven hundred thousand printed volumes, thirty thousand volumes of manuscripts, fifty thousand coins, and many drawings. In part of the reading room are glass cases containing autographs of celebrated persons, some interesting memorials of Shelley and manuscripts distinguished for their age, illumination and beautiful or singular bindings.

On we rushed to New College, which, in spite of its name, is one of the oldest and most interesting buildings in Oxford. Founded by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester in 1379, it still retains its original appearance throughout a great part of the building. The upper story of the principal quadrangle dates from 1678 and the garden-wing was added in 1684.

Beyond the city walls, with their mantle of ivy, are the buildings erected by Sir G. G. Scott in 1876, to which an east wing with a stately gate-tower was added by Champneys in 1897.

The beautiful gardens, so sweet, quiet

and sacred in their stately seclusion, are bounded on two sides by the old city walls whose bastions are hidden by a mantle of ivy and against this drapery of green, tall brightly coloured flowers rest their graceful heads.

The chapel, which is perhaps the earliest building in England erected from the foundation entirely in the Perpendicular style, contains the silver-gilt Episcopal staff of the founder. The beautiful large west window was executed from designs by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the other windows are of the fourteenth century. The fine carved stone reredos was restored in 1894 and the niches again filled with the little statues.

The smaller quadrangle adjoins the chapel with its cloisters and tower,—the latter the last work of William of Wykeham, having been added as a fortification.

Leaving new College, we passed the church of Saint Peter in the East, Saint Edmund Hall, the quadrangle of which possesses a wonderfully beautiful wistaria vine, and, gaining High Street, visited the College of Saint Mary Magdalen (pronounced Maudlin.) This college was founded by Bishop

Waynflete and is without any exception the most beautiful college at Oxford.

After entering the modern gateway leading to one of the quadrangles, we saw in a corner to the right, on a level with the first four windows, an old stone pulpit where a University sermon is preached on the festival of Saint John the Baptist. To the left are Saint Swithen's Quad and part of Old Magdalen Hall. Beyond the vine-clad Muniment Tower is the so-called Founder's Tower, which contains two state bedrooms and a banqueting hall. These apartments contain some valuable old tapestry representing the marriage of Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry Eighth, and Catherine of Aragon.

The chapel contains an elaborate reredos with statues very like the one at New College, also a beautiful modern window in various shades of sepia. The cloisters surrounding the first quadrangle are very beautiful; a small passage connects the cloister with the Chaplain's Quadrangle. There one gets a good view of Magdalen Tower, one of the chief architectural glories of the city, said to have been built under the superin-

tendence of Cardinal Wolsey, when Bursar of the college. On May Day at five o'clock in the morning the choir sings a Latin hymn on top of this tower, a custom supposed to have originated as an annual requiem for the seventh Henry.

The college grounds are most attractive, the deer park well stocked with the graceful creatures who rushed to the fence at our approach expecting we were there to feed them. The river Cherwell flows through the grounds and the walks along it are as beautiful as the gliding silvery river and overhanging leafy trees can make them. There is a peaceful calm and beauty in Addison's walk, (a forest aisle) said to have been the favourite resort of the essayist when an undergraduate.

Under the little foot-bridge crossing the Cherwell and leading to this walk, two haughty black swans lifted their graceful heads and opened their scarlet bills for food.

Among the names most eminent on the books of Magdalen are Wolsey, Addison, Charles Reade, Collins and Gibson.

No time could we give to Queen's, University, All Souls, Lincoln, or Exeter Col-

leges, but took a peep at Jesus College. This was founded by Queen Elizabeth and was first intended for Welsh students only. Divine service is still held in the chapel in that language twice a week. The chapel contains oaken wainscoting dating from 1621. In the Hall is a fine Jacobean screen and a portrait of Charles First ascribed to Van Dyck. In one of the common rooms is a fine portrait of Elizabeth by Zacchero.

At Trinity College the chapel contains a beautiful carved screen and altar-piece by Grinling Gibbons and in the garden is the celebrated avenue of limes.

Balliol College was founded by John Balliol and Dervorguilla, his wife, whose son was for a short time King of Scotland. It is one of the largest colleges in Oxford and its standard of scholarship is very high. It is much frequented by Scottish students. The Hall contains portraits of Wycliffe, Archbishop Tait and Robert Browning (honorary fellow) and in the library are MSS. of Browning's poems and the "old yellow book" that figures in "The Ring and the Book."

A little beyond Balliol stands the Martyr's Memorial, erected to the memory of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, who were burned in front of the college in 1555 and 1556. The monument is in the richest Gothic style adorned with statues of the three martyrs.

Enough time remained for a visit to the most picturesque of all the colleges, that of Saint John's. The old quadrangle belonged to the college of Saint Bernard, founded by Archbishop Chichele about 1440; the Hall is of the same period but has been restored. From the first quadrangle a vaulted passage with delicately beautiful fan-tracery leads to the second quadrangle. The south and east sides of this are occupied by the library. On the other sides are very picturesque oriel windows and the gardens have the finest lawns in Oxford. In the library is the skull cap in which Archbishop Laud was executed, also some fine MSS. and early printed works.

On High Street our car awaited us. This principal street of the city is flanked on both sides with a long array of quaint and interesting buildings. Wordsworth devoted a

sonnet to the "stream like wanderings of that glorious street"; Hawthorne called it "the noblest old street in England"; and Sir Walter Scott admitted that it rivalled the High Street of Edinburgh.

Crossing the Magdalen Bridge we turned toward Henley. The clouds floated lazily in a deep blue sky over the small perfectly kept farms, each outlined with its inevitable hedge, the whole landscape looking like a huge checkerboard.

At the Red Lion, on the bank of the Thames, we stopped for tea. The river was thickly dotted with small craft, aflame and aflutter with brilliant coloured hats and parasols of the women and gay coats and caps of the men.

It was on a window of the Red Lion that Shenstone wrote those famous lines:—

> "Who e're has travelled life's dull round,
> Where e're his stages may have been
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

Henley surrounded by wooded heights is the "Mecca" of boating men and much frequented by anglers. The Town Hall contains a portrait of the first George by Sir

Maidenhead Bridge

The Tower, Magdalen College, Oxford

Godfrey Kneller, presented by Lady Kneller, who is buried in the church.

From the house-boats moored beside the flat shores of the river floated sweet strains of music, while from the punts and canoes the English voices came to us from over the water with tender distinctness.

After taking some pictures of this ideal scene we crossed the bridge and proceeded to Maidenhead, through Temple Lock, beyond which is Bisham Abbey, built in the Tudor style, originally a priory but now a private residence. Queen Elizabeth lived there for three years during the reign of her sister Mary.

At Great Marlow Shelley lived in 1871. His "Revolt of Islam" was composed partly in his boat on the Thames and partly during his walks in the neighbourhood.

Cookham is a most picturesque village on the Thames and near it is "Cliveden," the home of William Waldorf Astor, charmingly situated among rocks and hanging woods.

At Maidenhead we dined. The river there is unsurpassed in its quiet loveliness. Our perfect day was drawing to a close in a sweet translucency. As dusk fell, lights be-

gan to twinkle in the house-boats and villas and from the punts came the sweet tinkling of guitars and mandolins accompanied by the mixed voices of the care free occupants. Here we lingered,—reluctantly taking the road for London. Long before reaching there the glow of the city lights was reflected in the heavens.

Threading our way among the many trams through Slough and Hounslow we reentered that wonderful city and again passed by the monolith in Trafalgar Square and descended on our hotel.

XI

THE DEPARTURE

September 14th. The hurry and bustle began early for we had left our packing until this morning. Through a mist of tears we left our friends at the steps of the hotel and hurried to the station. At Southampton there were many other steamers leaving for various ports and the wharves were thronged with travellers.

Among us passed the faithful Saint Bernard with money box attached to his collar and gladly we gave our English coin to him for the widows and orphans of the sailors, receiving a bark of thanks from him at the tinkle of the money against the metal box. Until we were way out in the Channel the faithful creature kept on with his joyous barking.

After passing the charming Isle of Wight we entered the broader Channel and steamed toward Cherbourg. Letters, packages and telegrams were in our stateroom

and these kept us busy until the afternoon when we once again entered the harbor of Cherbourg and awaited the tender, bringing more passengers to join the many already on board.

The last piece of luggage was put on deck, the whistle blew and again we entered the Channel and with engines at full speed ploughed through the waters that led to the broad Atlantic and home.

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